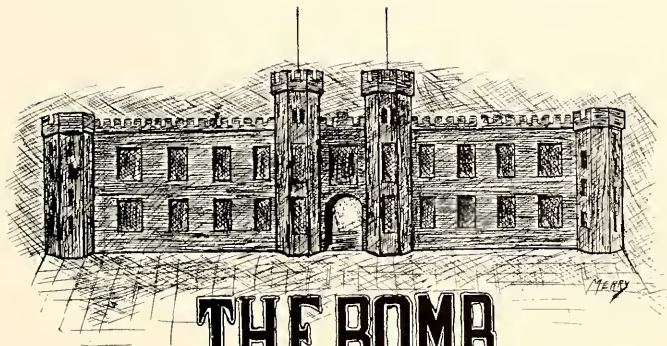


LT. J. P. WILSON,
SIXTEENTH INFANTRY.

LT. J. P. WILSON,
SIXTEENTH INFANTRY.





THE BOMB

IO II

A CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY
OF THE

Virginia Military Institute



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Dedication

As a small token of the esteem we the
wearers of the gray, do proudly dedicate this volume of
our Bomb to the men, who as cadets, made their institution
famous, and who as citizens, have done and are doing
inestimable services for the advancement
of their Alma Mater—the Alumni
of the V. M. I.

Foreword



IN compiling this book, we have tried to summarize our work of the past year in as true a manner as possible. It is intended to form for the cadets of 1911 a chapter from their own lives. For the alumni, it is hoped that it will bring them in closer touch with us and keep them, at heart, cadets still. To the public, it is hoped to show how we spend our year and to demonstrate in some way the meaning of the tie which binds V. M. I. men together.

THE EDITORS.



THE BOMB STAFF



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Calendar, 1910-11

September 4—New Cadets report.
September 7—Session begins.
September 16-17—Opening Hops.
September 26-28—Charleston Trip.
October 1—Football game with University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.
October 8—Football game with Norfolk Blues at Lexington.
October 8—First Class Hop.
October 15—Football game with William and Mary College at Lexington.
October 22—Football game with University of Virginia at Charlottesville.
October 28-29—October Hops.
October 29—Football game with St. John's College at Lexington.
November 5—Football game with Roanoke College at Lexington.
November 11—Founders' Day. Holiday.
November 12—Football game with Maryland Agricultural College at Lexington.
November 19—Football game with Georgetown University at Washington, D. C.
November 21—Furlough granted to corps on account of Typhoid Fever and Pink Eye.
January 4—Corps returns on Furlough.
January 14—Basket-ball game with Roanoke College at Lexington.
January 19—Lee's birthday. Holiday.
January 20-21—January Hops.
January 21—Basket-ball game with St. John's College at Lexington.
January 28—Basket-ball game with Maryland Agricultural College at Lexington.
February 11—Basket-ball game with University of Virginia at Lexington.
February 17-18—February Hops.
February 18—Basket-ball game with University of Tennessee at Lexington.
February 22—Washington's birthday. Holiday.
February 27—Basket-ball game with Trinity College at Durham, N. C.
February 28—Basket-ball game with Lynchburg Y. M. C. A., at Lynchburg, Va.
March 29—Baseball game with Augusta Military Academy at Lexington.
April 1—Baseball game with Roanoke College at Lexington.
April 3—Baseball game with Swarthmore College at Lexington.
April 8—Baseball game with Fishburne Military Academy at Lexington.
April 12—Baseball game with St. John's College at Lexington.
April 14—Baseball game with Franklin and Marshall College at Lexington.
April 15—Baseball game with Rutgers College at Lexington.
April 17—Baseball game with V. P. I. at Roanoke, Va.

THE BOMB

April 17-19—Inspection by, Captain Simmons, U. S. A.
April 22—Baseball game with Maryland Agricultural College at Lexington.
April 24—Baseball game with University of South Carolina at Lexington.
April 28—Baseball game with University of Virginia at Charlottesville.
May 6—Baseball game with Massanutten College at Lexington.
May 10—Baseball game with University of Tennessee at Lexington.
May 15—Anniversary of the Battle of New Market.
May 15-18—Practice March to Natural Bridge.
June 16—Finals begin with Opening Hop.
June 17—Gymnasium Exhibit.
June 18—Baccalaureate Sermon.
June 19—Final German.
June 20—Society Hop. Alumni Smoker.
June 21—"Auld Lang Syne." Dismissed! Final Ball.



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Commissary and Quartermaster

CAPTAIN J. W. GILLOCK
Assistant Military Storekeeper



THE BOMB

A New Market Sword

[Written for the accompanying picture]

Nay, not of glory was our thought.
Nor did we balance life and death—
Ignoble act, and fame, if sought
For its own sake, is empty breath.

As *Soldiers* marched we to that field,
Responsive to Virginia's call,
Like Spartan youths, to whom the shield
Their mothers gave as bier or wall.

This sword *our* glorious Mother gave;
Dishonor hath it never known:
'Tis only for the true and brave,
Who heed but Duty's voice alone.

A treasured trophy let it hang
Before your eyes to stir your heart
To such high deeds as minstrels sang,
With Grecian or with Roman art.

The story of a gallant fight,
The unhesitating charge, the stand,
The charge again, the foeman's flight,
'Twill teach to all throughout our land.

The patriot's and the soldier's work,
The coming years again may claim:
This sword will then forbid to shirk—
New Market valor it will name.

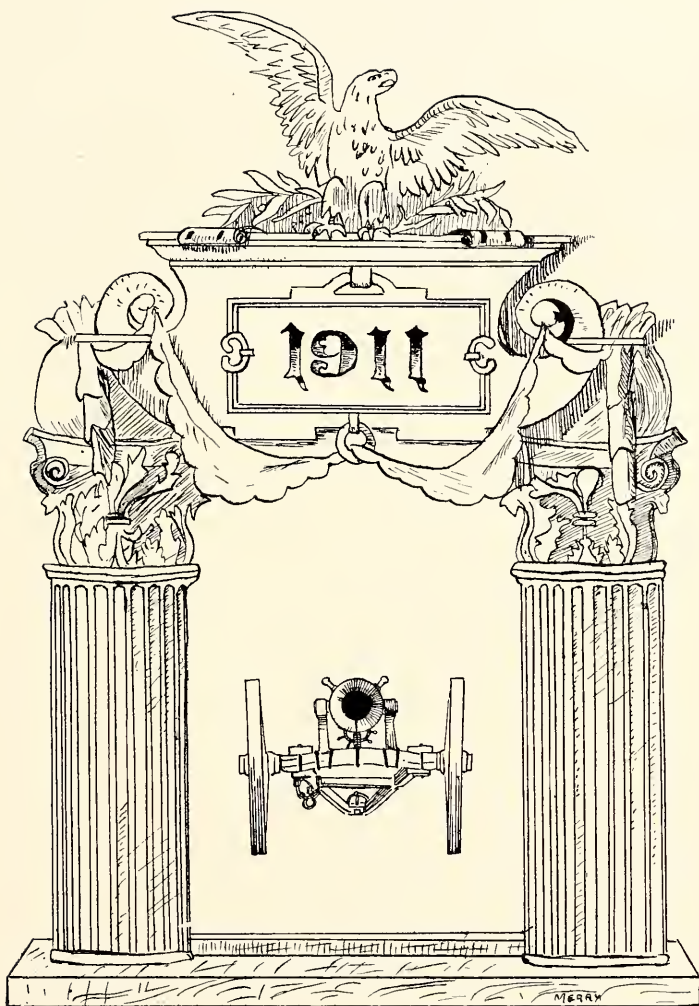
Degenerate days, some say, are ours,
And men to lesser stature grow,
With lower aims and feebler powers:
Prove it, my boy, to be not so.

Still Duty calls to sacrifice;
Still are there fields that must be won;
Honor is still the highest prize,
And valorous deeds must yet be done.

COL. R. T. KERLIN.



FIRST CLASS





The Class of 1911

L. T. GEROW.....	<i>President</i>
W. C. JACKSON.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
L. T. GEROW.....	<i>Valedictorian</i>
E. T. DAVANT.....	<i>Historian</i>

COLORS: Orange and Blue

THE BOMB

ALFRED DICKINSON BARKSDALE
HOUSTON, VA.



Matriculated, '08; Private Co. "D" (3), (2); Private Co. "F" (1); Associate Editor *Cadet*; Marshal Final Ball; Associate Editor *BOMB*; Official Scorer Baseball Team; Marshal Final German.

"Buzz" "Dick"

This modest, retiring lad arrived in the fall of 1908, and slipped gently, but far from unobserved, into the noble section of third class rats. Enjoys the distinction of being the youngest man in the class. Main pleasure, going on O. G. He is a very constant and devoted lover, running Gerow a close second in overloading the mail box. His talents are too numerous, his virtues too abundant to be mentioned. A few are worthy of note. His rendition of "My Queen of Dreams" is heart-rending; his capacity for food, enormous; his absorption of chemical knowledge, marvelous. He will insist on reporting "All present, sir," at Captain Coulbourn's morning inspection. "With all his faults, we love him still," and may he succeed in after-life as he has at V. M. I.

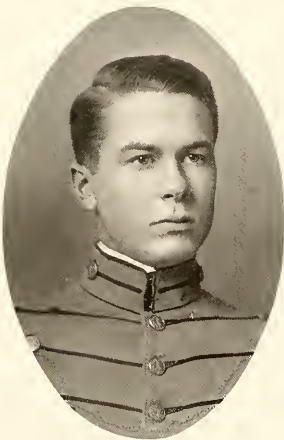
"My beauty lies in the length of my limbs."

PAUL McALLISTER BIEDLER
BALTIMORE, MD.

Matriculated, fall '07; "Rat" Co. "D" (4); Delegate to Y. M. C. A. Convention, Lynchburg (4); Corporal Co. "D" (3); Marshal Final Ball; First Sergeant Co. "F" (2); Assistant Manager Basket-Ball (2); *Cadet* Staff; Captain Co. "E" (1); Manager Basket-Ball Team; Business Manager *Cadet*; *BOMB* Staff; Marshal Final German; Chairman Post Exchange; Sub Council Chairman; Class Ring Committee (2).

"Paul" "Mac Paul" "Grandfather"

This curious specimen from the Oriole City became one of us in the fall of 1907, and since then has endeared himself to all. He claims to be on the editorial staff of the great Baltimore "*Sol*," the rays of which penetrate 108 every night. He already has an established reputation as an electrical linesman, and by joining the bird gang he has been able to wire up the ceiling of 108, and all high altitudes in the vicinity. He can be seen between the wee sma' hours of 2 and 3 A. M. smoking the peace pipe, and playing love ditties on any musical instrument that luckily falls into his hands. We wish Mac Paul a happy life, and full of prosperity.



THE BOMB



PHILIP GUILLOU BLACKMORE
HAMPTON, VA.

Matriculated, '08; Marshal Final Ball; Marshal Final German; Scrub Football (2), (1); Class Baseball (2), (1); Private Co. "D" (3); Sergeant Co. "C" (2); Private Co. "A" (1).

"Phil" "Black" "P. G." "Blackleg"

This illustrious brave joined us in 1903, thoroughly acquainted with the ways of the world, so he thought, until "Shorty," with the help of his No. 8, taught him differently. Even then he retained his knowing frown. Most of his time is spent in "shaving with a bayonet," practicing the "Boston" to his own monotone, and talking about a "blue-eyed, dark-haired Irish beauty." The greatest favor his roommates have done him was to break the looking-glass, which had caused him to miss many formations. The army will be fortunate in obtaining P. G. as one of its officers. In fact, the time is now so near that he has already classed himself the equal of the officers of the Institute.

"Oh! I guess not."

CHARLES MELVILLE BRISTER, JR.
PETERSBURG, VA.

Matriculated, '07; Private Co. "A" (4); Corporal Co. "D" (3); Sergeant Co. "E" (2); Lieutenant Co. "B" (1); Scrub Football Team (2); Varsity Football Team (1); *Cadet Staff*.

"Baron" "Yens" "Poseyama" "Posie"
"Yippy" "Red"

Baron was born in the peanut center of the world—Petersburg; but he soon tired of that country, and brought his sunset cranium to Lexington in order that he might familiarize himself with Life's Shop Window. It didn't last but Three Weeks, however. He has expressed himself, while here, so forcibly against prohibition that the organization known as "wets" has offered him a permanent position as soon as he graduates. Our personal opinion is that he will be a shepherd, where he can dream the days away in green pastures and shady nooks, and only the flock will hear his "golly-pat." The one blank space in his make-up is a bald spot, prominently situated in the middle of his vermilion headquarters. So, Mother Earth, you can easily recognize him when he struts forth into your realm.

"Perseverance wins the race."



THE BOMB



MILLS BROWN
LA GRANGE, TEXAS.

Matriculated, '06; Private Co. "B" (4); Corporal Co. "C" (3); Sergeant Co. "B" (2); Lieutenant Co. "F" (1); Marshal Final Ball; Marshal Final German; President T. K. L.

"Clicker" "Sug" "John D." "Astorbilt"

This tow-headed individual was unkindly thrust upon us by the Class of 1910, where he has since won his undisputed title of "Get-Rich-Quick Brown," or the "Amateur Raffles." Was at one time an ardent admirer of the Lynchburg "debutantes of the valley," but cruel fate interfered, and, alas! he is no more. Was unanimously elected president of the T. K. L.'s on account of his previous experience. When commanding a company, which has been known to happen, one of the men got seasick, so strong was the resemblance of his voice to a fog horn in mid-ocean. He strongly recommends studying materials amid the pianola strains of "Dixies." Is anxious for the Westinghouse appointment, since he claims he is such a sure "bell ringer." "Chance of a lifetime, gentlemen; don't crowd too close."

ALFRED G. BUESCHER
SMITHVILLE, TEXAS.

Matriculated, '07; Private Co. "A" (4), (3), (2), (1); Class Football Team (4); Marshal Final German.

"Bish" "Godfrey"

This light-gray object does not consist entirely of head; it also has feet, and in large quantities. Bish undoubtedly has the materials for making footprints in the sands of time, or on any other sands within a radius of several miles. He disembarked at V. M. I. dressed in a celluloid collar and a red necktie. Since that time he has developed a delicate, ethereal beauty, and has worn the shine off half the mirrors in barracks cultivating it. The pride of his heart is a little whisker on his chin, which he has carefully tended since its first appearance. He intends to become a benedict the day after graduation. Let us hope the bride will be congratulated.

"Days of absence, I am weary!
She I love is far away."



THE BOMB



MURRAY FAWCETT BURLESON
SMITHVILLE, TEXAS.

Matriculated, '07; Private Co. "C" (4), (3);
Co. "B" (2), (1); Marshal Final Ball; Marshal
Final German; BOMB Staff.

"Burly" "Gerard" "Rabbit"

What is so rare as a day in June?—Burly, the young man with the most touchiest ribs in barracks. It is only necessary to point your finger at him and he will climb the nearest wall. He also has the honor of being President of the Flop-Eared Club. In fact Burly is noted for the enormous size of his side wheelers, which he always carries at full cock. At night they have to be tied down to keep from flopping his brains out. His highest ambition is to become a great writer, and, at times, when he is not slaving for Tommy, he may be seen at this favorite stunt.

"Whe-e-e."

"He is a most l-e-a-r-n-e-d scribe."

VAUGHAN CAMP
FRANKLIN, VA.

Matriculated, '08; Private Co. "A" (3),;
Private Co. "B" (2), (1); Private Co. "D" (1);
Dramatic Club (2); Assistant Editor-in-Chief of
Cadet (2); Editor-in-Chief *Cadet* (1); Editor
of BOMB (1); President of the Kerlin Literary
Society; Marshal Final Ball; Marshal Final
German.

"V" "Blondy" "Von"

This handsome, blonde lady-killer drifted in about the first of September, 1908, after having completed the job of painting Richmond a deep crimson, and leaving the hearts of most of its fair damsels smashed to smithereens. Notwithstanding his meteoric career at Richmond College this precious youth on his arrival here immediately avowed his intentions of getting a Jackson-Hope Medal, and of breaking all previous records for heart smashing. Since then he has labored assiduously at both objects. By dint of extra hard (?) boning it seems likely that his first object will be attained, and as for the second—he spends all of his time (when not boning) in writing huge epistles, their destinations varying anywhere from Chicago to the Florida Keys, in an effort to soothe the wildly beating hearts which have fallen victims to his charms.



"Ah, let me close my eyes and dream—sweet,
Fanciful, vagrant dreams of love."

THE BOMB



ENSER WILLIAM COLE
CARNEGIE, PA.

Matriculated, '07; Private Co. "C" (4), (3); Private Co. "D" (2), (1); Captain Class Football Team (2), (1); Member T. K. L.; Marshal Final German.

"Wrinkle" "Cherry" "Chunk" "Dutch"

Where is he from? This question can be answered by his looks, for he is a typical Pennsylvania Dutchman. He claims he would rather have a D. D. (?) after his name than five millions. As a third classman "Wrinkle" won his way to fame with a broomstick, but is now prominent as a mathematician of the Chemistry section, and as a class athlete. He aspires to be a street-car motorman, and to take up his work in Staunton. Cole has great military ideas, and in connection with "Snake" and "John" forms advance guards in Lexington, attacking "minks" and colored revivals. With all his faults "Cherry" is a good fellow, and he leaves us, taking the sincere wishes of '11 for early success in the Pennsylvania coal fields.

"He is short and round, and somewhat fat."

THOMAS H. COLLIER, JR.
PINE BLUFF, ARK.

Matriculated, '07; Private Co. "D" (4), (3); Co. "F" (2), (1); Marshal Final Ball; Marshal Final German; T. K. L.

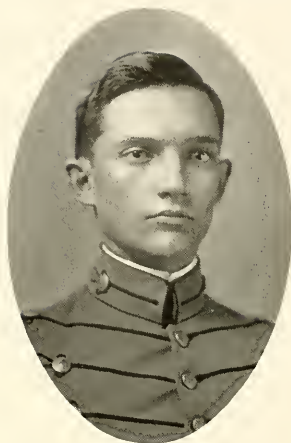
"Long Tom" "Thomas III" "Wild Goose"
"Parapet Collier"

Tall? Yes! Handsome? Even to the point of distraction. This is his candid opinion on the matter. The Postal Service is contemplating furnishing him with a special mail-pouch from Hollins, so enormous is his daily mail. He took Chemistry with the idea of discovering some other use of H₂O than that of a "chaser." He was given social position in the "Nursery Circle" under the generalship of Long, and the unexpected happened, as it does in most cases. Now he says he doesn't believe in officiating at social functions. He showed his Spartan-like endurance of physical pain, when Major White dressed a slight flesh wound about a sixteenth of an inch long. Ladies! take my advice and incline not your hearts unto him, as we can vouch for at least one instant in which he has been merciless with your charms.

"Love is like a blow-fly."



THE BOMB



GEORGE R. COLLINS
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Matriculated, '07; Private Co. "D" (4);
Corporal Co. "D" (3); Sergeant Co. "F" (2);
First Lieutenant Co. "F" (1); Class Football
Team (3), (2), (1); *Cadet* Staff; Vestryman
E. P. C. Club, Editor-in-Chief BOMB; Marshal
Final Ball; Marshal Final German.

"Jimmy" "Rand"l" "Dooley"

Dug out of the coal fields of West Virginia and moulded in the cement mills of Ohio, "Jimmy" was then transplanted in the fall of 1907 to the historic surroundings of V. M. I. For three long years "Jimmy" faithfully attended every hop as a wall flower. This year, however, he became a full-fledged debutante at a first class hop, and ever since then has been a faithful follower of R-M. W. C. "Jimmy" continually worries his roommates with miraculous tales of a certain cement mill in Ohio, and seriously considers the advisability of introducing cement tombstones in Lexington, as he has made a thorough study of them. We are expecting great things of "Dooley" in the future, and he leaves us this year with best wishes of old '11.

"Joy rises in me like a summer moon."

HARRY GARLAND DASHIELL
SMITHFIELD, VA.

Matriculated, '06; Private Co. "D"; Corporal Co. "A"; Sergeant Co. "E"; Lieutenant Co. "A"; Marshal Final Ball; Marshal Final German; Varsity Football Team (3), (2), (1); Captain Football Team (1); Member Athletic Board (1); Class Baseball Team; "Hard Boy."

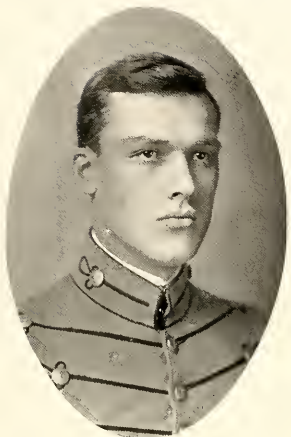
"Hap" "Indian" "Meat" "Harry"

Since that memorable night in the Jefferson Hotel in Richmond, on which he received his first introduction to that renowned statesman, Thos. Jefferson (statue), he has turned over a fresh "Page," and has begun anew his career as a heart smasher. We (Frankly) admit that we have noticed but little change in his attitude toward the fair sex. Several months ago, after his return from a little soiree in Lexington, he let out all the State secrets (and other things), it is rumored that the midnight sentinel heard him deliver a beautiful elegy upon the (Ham)let of Smithfield, Va., and the fertile peanut fields in that vicinity, interspersed now and then with a few words of adoration for "some" of the girls of that community. "Hap" is a jolly good fellow, and may his success be as great as his appetite.



THE BOMB

EDWARD TAYLOR DAVANT
ROANOKE, VA.



Matriculated, '07; Private Co. "D" (4);
Corporal Co. "A" (3); Sergeant Co. "F" (2);
Quartermaster; Captain Class Football Team
(3); Scrubs (2); Varsity Sub (1); Class Base-
ball Team (2); Glee Club (4), (3), (2); Leader
(1); Vice-President Class (2); Historian;
Marshal Final Ball; Marshal Final German.

"Funk" "Mr. Tad" "D. C." "Crazy Ed"
"Ted"

What this noble apostle of Count Indolencia Lazinessia most needs and desires is a patent alarm clock to remind him every time it's necessary to move. The hardest work he ever did was to decide on his profession. For a few months he wished to be a "Doctor," but alas! owing to a set-back in his progress as a lady killer, he has given up all hopes of being an M. D. Now it is his fondest dream to acquire fame and fortune by giving "Rabbit" music lessons. The only things we know that will tempt him from the arms of Morpheus, are the delicacies of the Staff Mess, which he cleareth away like unto a gormant.

"Better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all."

YANCEY McADEN DAVISON
BALTIMORE, MD.

Matriculated, '07; Marshal Final Ball; Marshal Final German; Private Co. "C" (4), (3); Private Co. "D" (2), (1).

"Goliath" "Davie" "Hay-maker"
"Y. M. C. A."

This specimen of the animal kingdom arrived at V. M. I. from Baltimore, 1907, determined to take a high stand in Electricity. His holidays are spent in taking re-exams in Ancient or Modern History, and his nights in trying to convince Philip that he did not make a mistake in Electricity that morning, or explaining to Van how the queen should have been led up through Parson's king. Davie hopes some day to control the General Electric, but we believe that most of his large salary, of eighteen cents per hour, will be invested in cheese and crackers instead of stock. Regardless of his youth, Y. M. C. A. must have a beloved, for he has not dared to show any inclination towards the fair sex during his cadet days.

Make "hay" while the sun shines.



THE BOMB



FRANK LEIGH DUFFY

CYNTHIANA, KY.

Matriculated, '08; Private Co. "A" (3); Private Co. "A" (2); Private Co. "B" (1); Class Football Team; Marshal Final German.

"Duff" "Leather" "Irish-Jew"

Stop! Look! Listen! Here, gentlemen, is one of the most blood-thirsty of Kentucky's night-riders. Having escaped the clutches of the law he galloped into Lexington on one of Kentucky's famous products, carrying a flask of the second in his hip pocket, and a picture of the third tied over his heart. To the last he has remained faithful throughout the three years of his existence here. He jumped into immediate popularity with the gentlemen of the third class, because of his prodigious powers of endurance. Hence his name "Leather." Kentucky should be proud of him, as he is the only Irish-Jew in existence. Having joined Tommy's brigade of Hard Boys, for which position he was well fitted by nature, he became one of the most brilliant of the gang. We expect him to astonish the natives of Charlottesville, where he will take law, by his wonderful oratorical powers.

"My beauty haunts me in my sleep."
(We should think it would.)

PRICE WESLEY ELY

JONESVILLE, VA.

Matriculated, '07; Private Co. "C" (4), (3); Private Co. "D" (2), (1); Class Baseball Team (3), (2); Class Football Team (3), (2), (1); Gymnasium Team (2), (1); Cheer Leader.

"Brush" "Eli"

This magnificent specimen of manhood came to us from the mountain region of old Virginia. In his home country he is a celebrity, holding the baseball championship, and the office of sheriff. Many are the wild and lawless moonshiners he has captured (?). He is a wonderful eater, and his favorite dish is tongue. "Brush" is not perfect, but his heart is good, and old '11 has in him a loyal member.

"Behold the strong man."

"Boys, I know she don't love me."



THE BOMB

PAUL X. ENGLISH
RICHMOND, VA.



Matriculated, '06; Private Co. "A" (1); Corporal Co. "D." (3); First Sergeant Co. "E" (2); Captain Co. "F" (1); Substitute Varsity Football Team (3); Varsity Football Team (2), (1); Mandolin Club (2), (1); Business Manager BOMB; Manager Track Team; Marshal Final Ball; Hop Committee; Vice-President Final German.

"Paul" "P. X." "Zavvy"

In this tall young Richmonder you see a man of cheerful disposition, one who seldom gets excited, except when discussing the fair sex. While engaged in one of these talks he has been known to destroy a valuable pipe at the mention of a certain "calic's" name. When he is not writing letters he is generally collecting razors for his morning shave. Although he says he is not sentimental, he has been seen to smile sweetly when deep in his letter writing. He has never been known to miss a hop, a shave every morning, writing a letter every night, and playing the mandolin after taps. But with it all he carries the best wishes of every one for success in the future.

"A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing."

THOMAS H. FAY
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Matriculated, '09; Private Co. "C" (3); Private Co. "C" (2); Private Co. "E" (1); Class Baseball Team; Marshal Final German.

"Tom"

Having escaped from college in Cleveland about twenty minutes ahead of his "release," he arrived in barracks with a pipe, a "Peerless" catalogue, and smelling of gasoline, on January 20, 1909. Although he looks young and unsophisticated, he can talk fluently (?) on any subject from the "High price of Putty" to "Why old maids are lean." "Duff" says he has remained faithful to a pair of blue eyes in Cleveland; but as he swears not, we will have to take his word for it. His favorite pastime is "Bull" Slings, and favorite expression, "Shut up, Duff; don't say another word or I'll crown you." Although he has not quite made the "Hard Boys' Club," he is president of the "Bluffers," which position we venture to say he will snag immediately upon his arrival at Boston Tech, where he goes next year.

"Even tho' vanquished, he would argue still."

"Whose talk is all of automobiles."



THE BOMB

SYLVAN ALTON FENNO
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Matriculated, '08; Private Co. "B" (3), (2);
Private Co. "E" (2), (1); Marshal Final
German.

"Van" "Sylvester" "47"

This fickle fusser was a valuable acquisition of our third class year. That he is a true son of our diplomatic capital is shown at all the hops, where his "fascinating ways" and his own peculiar version of the "Boston," have won him many hearts. Van is strong on the military, and never fails to show his sterling ability as an "officer" when "calic" are present at Guard Mounting. His many letters from "Sweet Briar" have proved that, in spite of his military talents, "The pen is mightier than the sword." In his ambition to become a second Edison, by the Westinghouse route, we wish him all success.

"Love makes the world go round."



LEONARD TOWNSEND GEROW
PETERSBURG, VA.

Matriculated, '07; Private Co. "B" (4); Corporal Co. "B" (3); First Sergeant Co. "B" (2); Captain Co. "B" (1); President of Class (3), (2), (1); Valedictorian of Class; Member Athletic Council; Member Class Football Team; Member Hop Committee; Assistant Manager Dramatic Club; Athletic Editor BOMB; President Episcopal Church Club; Marshal Final Ball; Marshal Final German; Secretary and Treasurer Tennis Club.

"Gee" "Jeremiah"

It is with hesitancy that we introduce this Beau Brummel of barracks, with these words and picture, for fear that even they will cause a flutter in feminine circles. Although Petersburg is his home, he has chosen Lynchburg for his happy hunting-ground. You can generally find him either lying in the hay cussing Tommy and the world, or asking Red to show him how to work that Bridge Truss for to-morrow. In conclusion we will say that he was born a leader of men, will live leading an army mule, and will die led by women.

"Too much honor for a man who hopes for heaven"



THE BOMB

JOHN MORTON HAGAN
RICHMOND, VA.



Matriculated, '07; Private Co. "B" (4), (3), (2), (1); Marshal Final Ball; Marshal Final German; T. K. L.

"Hoss" "Quad" "Ol' 'E'" "Eques"

Breaking his hobbies in Richmond this noble steed, in the fall of 1907, wandered into V. M. I., hoping to find a better grazing range. While in his fourth year he startled the scientific world by the invention of an automatic clothes stamper. This invention of "a truly bright (?) mind" has its drawbacks as well as its benefits, as "Miss Edwards" can testify. While in Richmond on furlough he truly qualified himself as an esteemed charter member of the T. K. L.'s. He "fogged" himself at his first and only hop, and since then has admired the fair sex at a safe distance. Favorite expression: "I'll see that this check don't go like the last," but, lo, here appears Snake in the doorway with the spotted celluloids.

VIRGINIUS BITZER HIRST
PURCELLVILLE, VA.

Matriculated, '07; Private Co. "C" (4); Corporal Co. "B" (3); First Sergeant Co. "D" (2); Captain Co. "D" (1); Class Football (3), (2); Class Baseball (3), (2), (1); Class Ring Committee; Marshal Final Ball; Marshal Final German; Member of T. K. L.

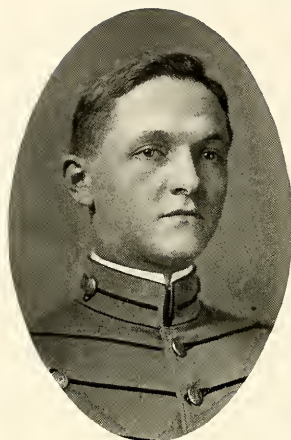
"Willie" "Weelie" "Jinks" "Papa"

This fair-haired lad from the northern wilds of Virginia, came to V. M. I. with the reputation of being "Heqq" with the ladies, and he has continued to roar for the four years we have known him. Once claimed to be well known by the "elect" of Washington society—??? When a rat, was often known to go "Just prowling 'round, sir." Once cut a rather wide swath in Lynchburg society, which affected him so deeply he spent many sleepless night thinking about "it." After returning from a hop the first thing he says, "Geel isn't she keen; lost my heart again. Believe that I will write to her to-morrow." "Willie" once tried the life of the "Hard Boys," but met with such poor success that he has since become a "sweater."

"And he learned about women from Her."



THE BOMB



JOSEPH MAXWELL HUNDLEY
LEBANON, KY.

Matriculated, '07; Private Co. "D" (4); Corporal Co. "D" (3); First Sergeant Co. "C" (2); Captain Co. "C" (1); Staff (1); President Final Ball; President Hop Club; Marshal Final German; Member Entertainment Committee; Class Football Team.

"Joe" "Guy" "Colonel"

He tells many tales (more or less true) of the three products for which his state is noted, namely: horses, women and whiskey. Now, we know very little about his exploits with horses, but we think that he is rather strong for the feminine sex, as can be judged from the number of outgoing and incoming letters, and the "calic" whom he has up for the dances. As for the third product, we are not certain, but presume that, sooner or later, he will feel it is his duty to keep up the reputation of his state along that line, also. Suffice it to say that old Joe is a halo without the saint, and is capable of most anything from eating the evening gun to failing to make a "max."

"'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all"—
(A 'Ray' of hope came and vanished.)

WILLIAM CONGREVE JACKSON
RICHMOND, VA.

Matriculated, '07; Private Co. "B"; Corporal Co. "C"; Private Co. "E"; Military Secretary Staff; Vice-President Class (3), (1); Assistant Manager Baseball Team (2); Manager Baseball Team (1); Member of Gymnasium Team; President of Y. M. C. A.; President Literary Society; Member of Athletic Council; Manager of Dramatic Club; Member of Class Football Team; Cadet Staff; Cheer Leader; Marshal Final German; Marshal Final Ball; Member Track Team; Member Class Ring Committee.

"Bill" "Cronje"

This catbird flew into barracks from V. P. I. much to the betterment of that school. "Cronje" is better known to the Class of '09 as the author of the great "Oligarchy Speech." In his third year here he gave up his Y. M. C. A. work to play poker, and he not only rejuvenated this game in barracks, but founded the Jacksonian-Walkerite system of playing the game. He has Senatorial aspirations, but more likely he will follow the protuberance of his nose which will lead him otherwise.

May his future be as bright as his past has been.

"Calm-thinking villain, whom no faith could fix.
Of crooked counsels and dark politics."



THE BOMB



A. BROADDUS JOHNSON
HOUSTON, VA.

Matriculated, '08; Private Co. "B" (3); Private Co. "B" (2); Private Co. "C" (1); Class Football Team; Gymnasium Team; Mandolin Club; Marshal Final Ball; Marshal Final German; Vice-President T. K. L.

"Box Top" "Heavy" "Broaddus" "Abie"

He says he's from Houston, Va., situated in old Halifax, of world-wide reputation on account of its "corn." Since this is the case we can't understand why he came to Lexington, a dry town. Nevertheless the fact remains that he arrived at this ill-fated port, in the fall of 1908. His chief faults are "wearing blues to rev" and "heart smashing." We venture to say that he was the first man to wear blues to rev, and therefore deserves to be called the originator of this custom. We can't imagine what could have induced him to commit such an outrage, unless it was some fair "calic" at the dance the night before. Like the sailor, he has a girl in every port, and his "Aunt Martha," hearing of the attentions bestowed upon him by one of these "fair ones," interceded in his behalf in the form of what has since become known as "Aunt Martha's letter. His chief ambition is to become a great lawyer and lead men to think as he does.

"I would fain die a dry death."

FRANCIS B. JOHNSTON
PESSEMER, MICH.

Matriculated, '07; Private Co. "B" (4), (3), (2), (1); Class Football Team (3), (2), (1); BOMB Staff; Marshal Final Ball; Marshal Final German.

"Potato" "Polack" "Funky"

"Halt! Who is there?" Potato, with all sails set and headed for the graduation harbor, which he will undoubtedly reach if he doesn't die of the sleeping sickness. He awakes three times a day long enough to raise the price of potatoes in Virginia, and then goes back to studying chemistry. How he arrived here, we do not know; but if he didn't come on skees he undoubtedly rode his little Indian pony. After graduating he intends to get gloriously drunk on sulphuric acid, and then take up his abode with a certain lady of uncertain age, who resides on a hill in the neighborhood of Lexington. Let us draw the curtain of charity.

"Age cannot wither her nor custom stale her infinite variety."



THE BOMB



JOHN W. JONES

DECATUR, ALA.

Matriculated, '08; Private Co. "D" (3), (2); Co. "E" (1); Marshal Final Ball; Marshal Final German; Member of T. K. L.

"Parson" "Schones"

This silver-tongued orator, while not a bona fide member of either literary society, earned a name for himself as a "third class rat," to which he has steadily added until his orations on "Electrishity" are now listened to with great interest. In Electricity, by the way, he holds the fort against all comers, until it comes to a point of writing something that has to be read. Although talented as an athlete, he has never played anything more strenuously athletic than "Bridge." Parson has been crossed in love? At any rate he is an out and out woman hater. "Schones" is destined to be a cotton merchant, and to use a typewriter.

"And sleep in spite of thunder."

A. A. MORSON KEITH

RICHMOND, VA.

Matriculated, '07; Private Co. "C" (4), (3); Private Co. "D" (2), (1); Marshal Final Ball; Marshal Final German; T. K. L.

"Hootie" "Little Hooter" "Octopus"

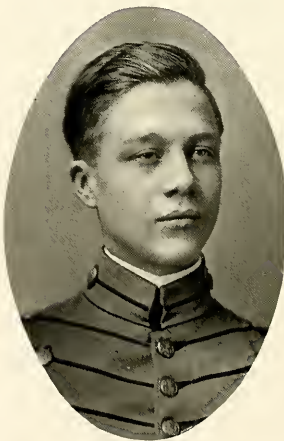
This little animal, with its countless legs, was deposited in our midst by the subsidence of the epicontinental seas. By the unobservant "it" might be mistaken for a human being, but by those who know him, never. Is a firm believer and also practitioner in that motto that "every man shall toot his own horn." His infantile weakness was so manifest to "Stony," when a third classman, that he was placed in the zealous care of old Quad. Often heard by his room-mates on Monday morning: "These clothes ain't got no name on." He is very shapely, his feet being so much so as to enable him to wear, with ease, "Big Un's" shoes. In closing we desire to say that,

Of all the keydets whom we know,

This tiny fellow takes the prize;

For rolling six and little Joe,

And "Hootifying" things for exercise.



THE BOMB



HARRY FITZHUGH LEE
FREDERICKSBURG, VA.

Matriculated, '07; Private Co. "A" (4), (3), (2), (1); Class Baseball (3), (2), (1); Class Football (3), (2), (1); Librarian; Marshal Final Ball; Marshal Final German.

"Harry" "Fitz" "Torgon"

It has often been wondered where this country lad was resurrected. When asked he replies Fredericksburg, but no one seems to know where that is. He comes from a fighting clan, but seldom has battles except with the calic, and is then generally conquered, owing to his weakness for the charms of pretty eyes. Knowing his ability as a student we feel confident in making the assertion that he should by right have the first "Jackson Hope," but, alas! the faculty does not agree with us. He is a fervent admirer of the ivory cubes, even going so far to roll them on the parade ground. "Fitz" is very industrious, and can not decide between the Marine corps or "The Survival of the Fittest," at Westinghouse on eighteen cents an hour.

Favorite Expression—"I'll swany, she has the prettiest eyes I ever saw."

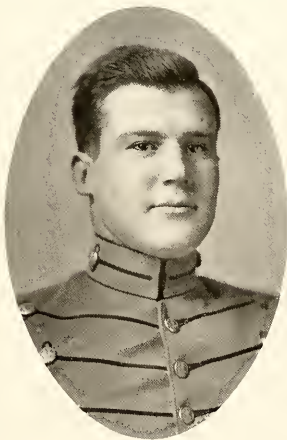
HERBERT BENTON KINSOLVING, JR.,
MT. STERLING, KY.

Matriculated, '05; Private Co. "C"; Corporal Co. "C"; Sergeant Major; Adjutant; Vice-President Final Ball; President Final German; Advertising Editor BOMB; Cadet Staff; Entertainment Committee; Chairman First Class Banquet Committee; Member Post Exchange Sub-Council; Gymnasium Team (3), (1); Varsity Football Team (2), (1); President "Hard Boys."

"King" "Owl" "Spunk"

In the beginning we "Wood" "Deem" it necessary to state that King first landed among the historical halls of Stonewall Jackson just because the North River "Flo'ed in the direction of Hollins. But as all "affairs" end, so this ended, in the "Woods." From King's glowing descriptions we gather that these "Woods" are far more charming than those primeval forests of Longfellow. The accompanying illustration shows plainly where King gets one of his names. If you could see him at Guard Mounting or at Parade, the name "Spunk" would immediately suggest itself. He has not decided definitely what his profession will be, but no matter in what field he exerts his efforts, we hope that his success will be a fair measure of himself.

"We thank the gods our Rome hath such a soldier."



THE BOMB

KINSLEY McWHORTER
ROANOKE, VA.



JAMES RODERICK MECREDY
ROANOKE, VA.

Matriculated, '07; Private Co. "D" (4); Corporal Co. "A" (3); Sergeant Co. "A" (2); First Lieutenant Co. "A" (1); Class Baseball (3), (2), (1); Class Football (3); Football Squad (2); Varsity (1); Varsity Basket-Ball (3), (2); Captain (1); Member Athletic Board; Marshal Final Ball; Marshal Final German.

"Molly" "Jim" "Mack" "Immy" "Gossip"

Among the numerous new arrivals at the Institute in the fall of 1907, Molly was utterly lost sight of for a time. But shortly reports of his wonderful oracular powers began to spread throughout barracks. He was consulted on all questions, be their import great or small, and on only one occasion did the Oracle remain silent—when asked why a chemist loves his hay. When the time came to choose his course here, he hopped the "Crip" along with a goodly number of others, but the aforementioned "Crip" has failed to materialize, and now his main ambition is to be a "Sub," in order to take a postgraduate course to determine, if possible, the elements in table salt, an experiment which was undertaken at the beginning of this year. Assets—Everything. Liabilities—Gossip, leaving him a very substantial balance with which we hope to see him rise to immortal heights in his career as a chemist and as a "Man."

"None are wiser than he."

Matriculated, '08; Private Co. "B" (4), (3); Private Co. "C" (2), (1); Class Football Team (3), (2), (1); Gymnasium Team (2); Captain (1); Member Athletic Board; Marshal Final Ball; Marshal Final German; Baseball Squad (2).

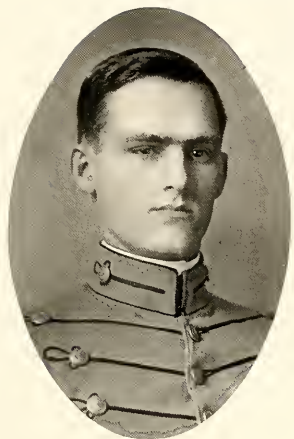
"Squirt" "Dooley" "Mc" "Runt" "Hole"

This sawed-off runt stands in a twenty-six inch cape, and cannot see or be seen. He also was known to ask Colonel Jones if a stool to enable him to look through the transit would not be a necessary adjunct to his engineering equipment. He tries to make up for his deficit in size with his voluminous vocabulary, which is always being exhibited in his characteristic "extemporaneous," "perfunctory" speeches. "Dooley" has been heard often to exclaim that it was a shame to mistreat him, forcing him to come in the back door. It is now his vain hope to be the head of a menagerie, which would surpass that of Central Park, New York, where he would have free access to the front entrance.

"Little, but loud; especially in his declarations of love."



THE BOMB



SAMUEL MOREHEAD MILLNER, JR.
DANVILLE, VA.

Matriculated, '07; Private Co. "B" (4); Corporal Co. "B" (2); Sergeant Co. "F" (2); Lieutenant Co. "D" (1); *Cadet Staff*; BOMB Staff; Class Ring Committee; Final Ball Committeeman; Gymnasium Team; Marshal Final German.

"Sammie" "Goldman"

This heart-breaker came from the city over the Dan. His middle name describes him very well, for he is very small in stature, but loud in books. He seldom goes to town on Saturday and Sunday nights for fear. As a musician he is only excelled by the maker of his mandolin. As a songster and as a poet we must also give him a good rank. His greatest ambition is to possess a real horse. He is often seen riding a broom around in his room. But he can't ride the "gym." He will no doubt surprise the world some day as an electrician. Here is hoping that he does.

"A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse."

LOUIS FRANKLIN MOORE
GADSDEN, ALA.

Matriculated, '07; Private Co. "B" (4), (3); Private Co. "A" (2), (1); Class Football Team (1); Sub Basket-Ball Team (2), (1); Marshal Final Ball; Marshal Final German.

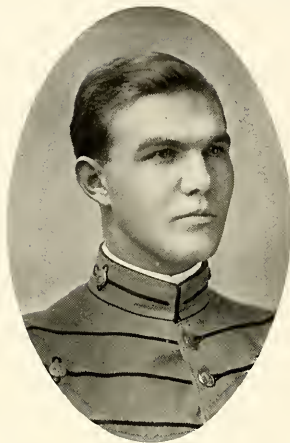
"Alias" "Dream" "Pop" "Dribblets"
"Nighty" "Wet" "C. E." "Frenchy"
"Rubber"

This wonderful specimen of the species cadet, swam his way into Lexington in September, 1907. He came from Birmingham with the ambition of winning the hearts of Virginia's fairest damsels, and incidentally his "dip." Having resided for four dreamy years within the romantic walls of barracks his ambitions have been more than realized. The girls worship him, but he can not confine all his attentions to one; indeed, as he says, he loves all the pretty girls. As to his "dip," that's a crip. He expects soon to embellish the tail end of his signature with a large-sized C. E. Wanted—A bull terrier pup to help ward off the ladies.—L. F. Moore.

"Love's labor's lost."



THE BOMB



ADRIAN NALLE
CULPEPER, VA.

Matriculated, '07; Private Co. "D" Corporal Co. "A"; First Sergeant Co. "A"; Captain Co. "A"; Varsity Football Team (2); Marshal Final Ball; Marshal Final German; Code of Honor Committee; Member "Sweaters."

"Bigun" "Curl" "J. F. B." "Ora"

It seems that during the last two years the Senior Captains have occupied peculiar positions. This is not in reference to their rank in the corps of cadets, but in the literary world. As raconteurs they are not surpassed. He, like his roommate "Hap," has a sweetheart in every port. We might have used the word "had" in the above sentence for "has," for since two young ladies in Charleston, W. Va., found upon comparison that one had a carbon copy of the others letters, he makes fewer ports in his cruises. From California to West Virginia, from West Virginia to the District of Columbia, from the District of Columbia to Maryland, and from Maryland back to "Ole Virginny," it's that handsome Mr. Nalle on every turn. We predict, though, that he will eventually settle down in his native state and reside upon a "peach" farm near Tyro.

"Love is just one damn thing after another."

JOHN S. PORTER
BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

Matriculated, '08; Private Co. "B" (3); Co. "C" (2), (1); Assistant Business Manager Bomb; Marshal Final German; T. K. L.

"Johnny" "Poor old John"

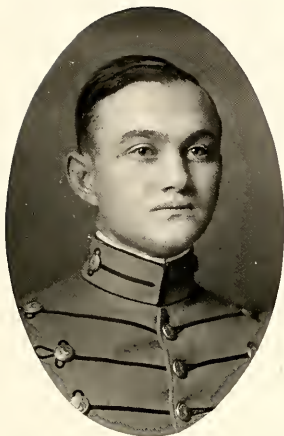
This youngster came to us from Webb School, wild and woolly, and with a mania for telling us all about Birmingham, which he claims to be the "Hub of the world." We encourage him in this, however, as he has been known to become very violent when crossed on this subject. Under the chaperonage of P. X. in his second class year, he came to be a pretty decent sort of fellow, and from a confirmed woman hater he has turned into one of '11's staunchest calico men, and spends all his time, which is not taken up in ragging "Ike," in writing to Sweet Briar. His writing has not been in vain, for he is the happy recipient of three letters "weekly," with the stamp in the lower left hand corner. "Johnnie" often bemoans the fact that he is "nothing but a third class rat," especially after a T. K. L. meeting. He expects to be a second Marshall Field upon graduation, but whatever field he goes into we feel confident that he will make a success.

"Company, villainous company, hath been the ruin of me."



THE BOMB

JOHN HENRY POWELL
SMITHVILLE, TEXAS.



Matriculated, fall '07; Private Co. "B" (4), (3), (2), (1); Class Football (3); Class Baseball (2); Marshal Final Ball; Marshal Final German.

"Jack" "Ole Girl" "Lieutenant"

This fair and tender specimen of humanity came from the rough and wild regions of Texas. The street cars in Lynchburg were the first wagons that he had seen moving without horses. After every mail he is heard to say, "I knew that she loved that other guy." No doubt but that he will be Governor of Texas some day. The height of his ambition is to be a statesman. He always says after every formation, "Gee, but I got a nasty report." He is often seen gazing through the window at the calicoes, but never ventures any closer.

"I find in myself no pity for myself."

MATHEW J. POWELL
BELMONT, VA.

Matriculated, '07; Private Co. "D" (4), (3); Private Co. "F" (2), (1); Member Cadet Dialectic Literary Society; Marshal Final Ball; Marshall Final German.

"Morph" "Sleepy" "Lady Powell"

This sleeping beauty made her début into the mysteries of cadet society in the fall of 1907. In Belmont she has the reputation of being the handsomest "Lady," but in barracks she has the reputation of being the shyest. When approached on the subject of love she bites her finger and blushes like a country schoolgirl. She has never been known to attend a V. M. I. hop, but has been known to look through the windows at them and remark that, "It is better to be on the outside looking in than on the inside looking out." We have never yet been able to unravel the attitude she takes on the subject. She is a hard-working student, and some day '11 would not be surprised to hear of great things accomplished by her.

"Still waters run deep."



THE BOMB



GAILLARD REMBERT
REMBERT, S. C.

Matriculated, '07; Private Co. "B" (4), (3), (2), (1); President Tennis Club; President Mountain House Poker Club; Member G. R. C.; Member H. B. P.; Member of Episcopal Church Club; Vice-President Consolidated Crap Shooters' Club; Target Orderly on Rifle Team; Captain High Finance; High Official of the "Hard Boys."

"Varmint" "Hard Boy" "Gyard" "Snake"

This species of Brachiopod crawled out of his hole in the cotton fields of South Carolina, and, after three weeks' wandering on the hills of Lynchburg, crawled into V. M. I. via Harrisonburg. Since that memorable day he has kept a pipe line connection to the Natural Water Wells of those two cities. In the military line he is not a total failure, for he has hopes of the army appointment as wagoner in the field train of our National Guard. Although seldom seen pulling the chest weights in the gym, he has acquired great muscular development rolling the cubic ivories. He has brought disgrace on our flags only twice; once when he matriculated, and again when experimenting with high explosives, blew them up. Yet after all his faults the entire class joins in wishing him half the luck in after-life that he has had in drawing to a busted straight while in our midst.

"Why should I work while others have money?"

EDMUND ERNEST RICHARDSON, JR.
NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Matriculated, '07; Private Co. "C" (4); Corporal Co. "C" (3); Sergeant Co. "D" (2); First Lieutenant Co. "B" (1); Marshal Final Ball; Marshal Final German.

"Richie" "L'enfant" "Little Rich"

The Infant was sent to V. M. I. for the sole purpose of giving his people a little rest from his incessant chatter. We sincerely hope that their purpose has been accomplished. Immediately upon his arrival he began to lay his plans for capturing a corp, but, alas! when finals rolled around Edmund Ernest Richardson, Jr., was not among the names of the lucky. Soon after his return as a third classman his hopes were realized, and he was noted as "Infant Corp" of the battalion. Edmund is somewhat of a calic's man, and falls in love at every hop. He is also a shark at punching meal tickets, and has been known to even change his name to do so. Ask "Va." Richie, expects to get a job with "Barnum and Bailey" as "The Bearded Infant."

"Teach thy child to hold his tongue."



THE BOMB



WARREN SLAUGHTER ROBINSON
NORFOLK, VA.

Matriculated, '07; Private Co. "A"; Corporal Co. "A"; Sergeant Co. "B"; First Lieutenant Co. "C"; Assistant Manager Football (3); Manager Football (1); Associate Editor of *Cadet*; Official Timer of Basket-Ball (1); Class Banquet Committee; Marshal Final Ball; Marshal Final German; T. K. L.

"Blick" "Blicker" "Bullfry" "Mike"

This water rat off the wharves of Norfolk found his way to V. M. I. in the fall of '07. His route was a difficult one, as the streams of the James and North rivers are very swift, and retard all swimmers. His "calies," which are numerous, are to be found in all towns from Kingston, N. Y., to East Lexington. Thinks nothing of writing fifteen letters in one night. Would give anything to know how to play on the guitar. Several "calies" at Fairfield took a fancy for him, and "Blicker" was the looser of many buttons from his cape. Received more mail than any cadet while at V. M. I. 108 was the scene of the greater part of his achievements. We wish and sincerely hope that "Mike" can, with uneasiness, watch the ticker in his private office as a cotton broker in the city of Norfolk.

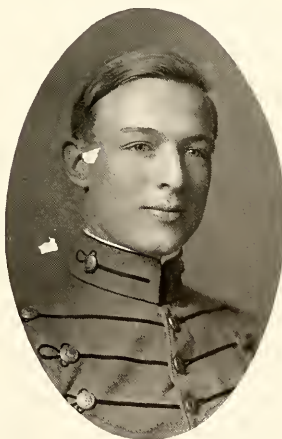
MAX ERNEST RUEHRMUND
RICHMOND, VA.

Matriculated, '07; Private Co. "C" (4); Private Co. "C" (3); Sergeant Co. "D" (2); Lieutenant Co. "E" (1); Marshal Final German.

"Jew" "Dutch" "Max Q." "Shylock"

In September, 1907, V. M. I. received the most fatal blow to its onward progress. This was the arrival of the fair-haired "Jew." Ever since his arrival he has been attempting to establish a pawnshop in barracks. As a rat, Max entered without a tail and never thereafter grew one. At most any time he may be found in thirty-two whistling "Sweet Annie." Max is an ardent admirer of the fair sex, especially those who play basket-ball. He claims that the only disadvantage of this game is the liability of broken fingers. Dutch fell from grace at a first class hop, but in an unusual way. Of the future we know nothing, but he will probably spend it under the "Sign of ye Three Balls." By special request: *He is not rally a Jew.*

"Things are not what they seem."



THE BOMB

JULIAN P. SMITH
BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

Matriculated, '07; Private Co. "B" (4), (3), (2); Private Co. "C" (1); Mandolin Club; Gymnasium Team; Marshal Final Ball; Marshal Final German.

"Wampus" "Rabbit" "Wampus-cat"
"Curiosity"

This very handsome young man of the "wampus-cat" species arrived at the Institute in the fall of 1907, and immediately began to run for a "corp," which he got at the beginning of his third class year. He entertains his roommates by continually playing on a mandolin, upon which he has nearly reached perfection (?) Received a medal for his good work in *math*, after a hard race, finally winning from all competitors by pulling off first stand in calculus and analytics. Notwithstanding all of these faults "Wampus" is a jolly good fellow, and here's hoping that he will meet with much success in Panama, and will some day learn to play the mandolin.

"And curiosity killed the 'wampus-cat'."

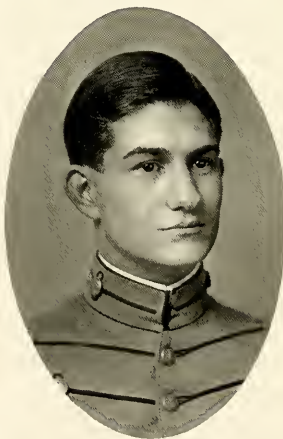
MACLIN FERDINAND SMITH
BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

Matriculated, '07; Private Co. "F" (4), (3), (2), (1); Marshal Final Ball; Marshal Final German.

"Mac" "Maclin"

This old "hard boy" reached us without notice, causing a flutter in Lexington society, and was at once elected president of the Open-Face Club. Claims to come from the city where collars are changed three times a day, but judging from appearance he changes his annually. Ladies, beware of this fickle monster! He is a cold-blooded heart-breaker, with an especial fondness for "Leeches." Has been known to receive letters from Sweet Briar sealed with cold cream, and judging from appearances the contents were even colder. Mac has made a profound study of Crustaceans, and is well known in the scientific (?) world among the hills around Lynchburg. The future holds a "Bar," and from Mac's ability to throw the dust we feel sure he will make a success.

"To lengthen thy life shorten thy meals."



THE BOMB



HAROLD WOOD SMITH
PURCELLVILLE, VA.

Matriculated, '07; Private Co. "A" (4); First Corporal Co. "A" (3); Sergeant Co. "A" (2); Lieutenant Co. "C" (1); President Class (4); Treasurer of Y. M. C. A. (2); Sub Football (4); Class Baseball (2), (1); T. K. L.; Committeeman Final Ball (4); Marshal Final Ball; Marshal Final German.

"Hiram" "Pete" "Plow-step" "Big Smith"
"No. 21"

Don't ask "Hiram" where he is from, because he is very forgetful, even forgetting his name, so a calic once said. Riding into V. M. I. in an imaginary automobile he has since had a mania for catalogues. He likes to obtain high authority, and started well in his third year when he reported excused from, while acting Sergeant Major, and in his fourth year when he made a cadet from a tactical officer. He is a great man with the calic, who are captivated by his good looks and treble voice, although he was never known to hold one longer than a month. He has the distinction of being the only cadet to have had a houseparty in Lexington. Beware, ladies, for he is a firm believer in the microbes of a kiss.

Favorite Expression—"I went to work and told her just like this."

LACY LYONS TRINKLE
DUBLIN, VA.

Matriculated, '08; Private Co. "C" (4), (3); Co. "B" (2), (1); Class Football (2), (1); Class Baseball (3); Scrub Baseball (2); Marshal Final German.

"Trink" "Lacy"

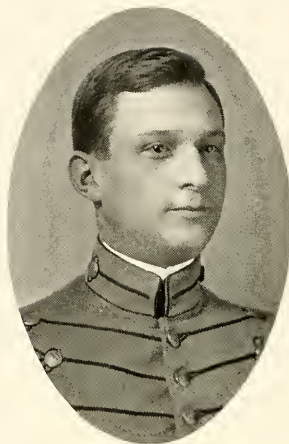
This pure and delicate flower first blossomed in the beautiful valleys of Pulaski, where it was cruelly plucked in its nineteenth summer and transplanted to the rocky soil of Lexington, where its young innocence and purity have been foully smirched. Trink looks as though he had once had a bright idea and had never fully recovered from it. The height of his ambition is to be able to sleep forever, and as he intends to become a "sub" next year his hopes will doubtless be realized.

"Hotchie Dog."

"Wearing all that weight of learning lightly as a flower."



THE BOMB



ROBERT H. WARNER
ST. LOUIS, MO.

Matriculated, '06; Private Co. "D" (4), (3); Private Co. "F" (2), (1); Marshal Final Ball; Marshal Final German.

"R. H." "Bob"

How he came, we know not. Why he came, we care not. Sufficient is it that in the fall of 1905, General Nichols tenderly unwrapped a sway-backed object, postmarked St. Louis, clothed it in grey and labeled it Cadet Private Warner. When he arrived he was an object of awe to all observers, but in the course of time he became even as other people are, and now looks like other men. His accomplishments are many; he can render "Every Little Movement" entirely different from any other version of it; he knows the exact number of bricks in front of barracks, and is an authority on East Lexington. Were it not for his feet, Warner's aspirations would doubtless long since have floated him away from us. He hopes eventually to be able to repair his own door bell by aid of Monk's teaching. We join in wishing him the greatest of success, and the fewest of suffragettes in his post V. M. I. existence.

"By Gar."

HENRI DAVIN WALKER
PEMEERTON, VA.

Matriculated, '07; Private Co. "A" (4); Corporal Co. "B" (3); Sergeant Co. "E" (2); Perspective Lieutenant Co. "G"; Varsity Baseball (2), (1); Class Football (3), (2), (1); Class Baseball (3), (2); President "G. R. C."; Captain Track Team; Member T. K. L.; Marshal Final Ball; Marshal Final German.

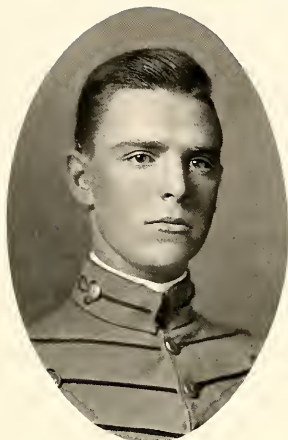
"Dav" "Honery" "Old John"

Dav, one of the "Hard Boys," says he lives in Richmond, but is never seen except around the Free Lunch in the Jefferson Hotel, and he is one of the "sweaters" who gets insulted when the guests occupy the soft chairs. He is not known as a shining star in High Society, although he attended one hop and said that he would have had a good time if he could have taken off his shoes. He deserves the credit of being the founder of the "Jacksonian-Walkerite-Shy Game." After all Davin is all right when it comes to work, and with Hundley's and Nalle's help has put several of the "Bull" men through. He has also distinguished himself as being a draughtsman, although when it comes to the use of ink the instructor notifies the section to wear rain capes.

Favorite Expression—"I believe I caught—no, I'm four shy. Bones, won't you let me get loose just once!"



THE BOMB



ISAAC G. WHITE
SHAWSVILLE, VA.

Matriculated, '07; Private Co. "A" (4); Corporal Co. "B" (3); Sergeant Co. "B" (2); Lieutenant Co. "E" (1); Marshal Final Ball; Marshal Final German; Member T. K. L.

"Ikey George" "I. G. & W." "Ike"
"The Brute"

Hailing from the rich and fertile land of Southwest Virginia, where, he says, the corn grows as high as the New Market statue, and where dwells the fairest calic in the world, this moon-gazing youth fell into our midst in the fall of 1907. When he is not "running" he can be found sitting in the window, baying at the moon (he calls it singing). Lately he has acquired a large correspondence, and it is nothing for him to write two or three letters a night of twenty to thirty pages each; not home, but to his many waiting "calic." Strengthened by his letter-writing he has become a "Brute," and it is with fear that his roommates watch his every movement. He frequently swells out his chest and with a single, mighty "puff" scatters every one. Notwithstanding the many thrashings that he has given us, we wish him the greatest success in the future.

"A man who can't sing and will sing, should be sent to Sing Sing."

WILLIAM IRVINE WHITFIELD
DANVILLE, VA.

Matriculated, '08; Private Co. "B" (3), (2); Military Secretary (1); President Y. M. C. A.; Class Football Team; Assistant Advertising Editor BOMB; Marshal Final German.

"Whit" "Pap" "Friday" (Robinson
Crusoe's man)

Yes, he's from Danville, and Danville is somewhere in Virginia. (See Anheuser-Busch Directory.) We understand that he left on account of the terrible weather conditions prevailing in that burg (long seasons of drouth, followed by floods). Despairing of reforming that fickle city he drove to Lexington on a water wagon, and at once began an active campaign in the interest of the Y. M. C. A. He is a great student of nature, making a specialty of Brooks, and writes no less than four times a week to a publication on the subject known as the "Western Brook." While we have never read the answers we will say that they must be interesting, as he reads them until they wear out. He is very proud of his curls, and carefully curls them three times a day. His greatest ambition is to make a fortune, so as to continue his study of nature. We wish him the greatest success in life.



Who does not know and who does not know that he does not know.—(Pigie.)

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ROGERS M. WILSON
SAVANNAH, GA.

Matriculated, '07; Private Co. "C" (4);
Corporal Co. "C" (3); Sergeant Co. "D" (2);
First Lieutenant Co. "D" (1); Marshal Final
Ball; Marshal Final German.

"G. D. Wilson" "Squiggles" "Roge"

Look deep into the eyes of this youth and see if you can discover why it is that he is the only living being who has been able to revise Webster's into the vocabulary of V. M. I. cadets. Often at night he has been seen tapping on the window and whistling a tune to the words of "Dixie." During his second class year his eyesight became so bad that he took a firefly for a tac's lamp. He immediately took his first and only fly in an aeroplane. Woe unto the man who claims that Macon is not the center of the universe, unless he has a rain cape. Yet with all his faults he is loved and cherished by those who know him.

"Women, women! Oh, where wilt thou lead me?"

CHARLES WILLIAM ZOLLMAN
WALTON, IND.

Matriculated, '07; Private Co. "A" (4), (3),
(2), (1).

"Shy" "Shylock" "Zollie"

The above example of what mother nature can do was discovered, trapped, broke to harness in Indiana, and shipped to V. M. I. to learn the use of knife and fork. He blew in on September 4th, observed that he liked the place, and asked the O. D. for a smoke. Shy is famed for being the only Chinese Jew in existence: the only man who ever came to V. M. I. wearing wooden shoes, and for having the brightest diamond, the largest head, the strongest feet, the most brilliant complexion, and the toughest hide in barracks.

"Snowballs."

"The real thing on a farm, but an awful thing on Broadway."



THE BOMB



ADAMS, WALKER H..... Lynchburg, Va.
 ANDERSON, MERIWETHER L..... Richmond, Va.
 BAKER, THOMAS B..... Purcellville, Va.
 BALL, LELAND C..... Sewickley, Pa.
 BARLOW, ELL..... Corty, Pa.
 BEAUCHAMP, J. ROGER, Princess Anne, Md.
 BECKER, LELAND..... Roanoke, Va.
 BILLUPS, FERD..... Truitt, Texas.
 BOOTH, C. MURRAY..... Oak Park, Ill.
 BOWMAN, RUFUS C..... Salem, Va.
 BOYCE, JOSEPH E., JR..... Pine Bluff, Ark.
 BRUSH, ROBERT H..... New York, N. Y.
 BURDEAU, GEORGE T..... St. Louis, Mo.
 CARPENTER, JOHN J..... Lawrenceburg, Ky.
 CLEMMER, RICHARD H..... Middlebrook, Va.
 COCKSHAW, HERBERT, JR..... New York, N. Y.
 DAVANT, C. RINGGOLD..... Roanoke, Va.
 DAVENPORT, RALPH M..... Denver, Colo.
 DEAN, J. RANDOLPH..... Owensboro, Ky.
 DONALDSON, LYTHER J..... Carrollton, Mo.

EARLY, J. FINKS..... East Liverpool, Ohio.
 ELDEN, JOHN A..... Jonesville, Va.
 EMERY, NATHANIEL W..... Danville, Va.
 EWING, JAMES L..... New Orleans, La.
 FOLK, DAVID B., JR..... Savannah, Ga.
 FOSTER, E. W., JR..... Dallas, Texas.
 FUNSTEN, EDWARD S..... St. Louis, Mo.
 GANT, EDWIN H..... Burlington, N. C.
 GARDNER, JAMES..... Augusta, Ga.
 GAY, CARLETON O..... Warren, Pa.
 GENTRY, WALTER R..... Independence, Mo.
 GOODWIN, LOOMIS MCA..... Raleigh, N. C.
 GRIBBLE, JOE B., JR..... New Orleans, La.
 HAGENBUCH, JOSEPH S..... Mahanoy City, Pa.
 HANCOCK, CHAMBLIN F..... Lynchburg, Va.
 HARDAWAY, BEN H., JR..... Columbus, Ga.
 HARRIS, REGINALD L..... Versailles, Ky.
 HINTON, WADE H..... Purcellville, Va.
 HOLTON, W. LAYTON..... Centreville, Md.
 HOPKINS, THOMPSON..... Nashville, Tenn.

THE BOMB

HOWARD, SAMUEL L.....Washington, D. C.
 HUGHES, NEILL.....Baltimore, Md.
 HUTCHINS, H. STANLEY.....Lincoln, Va.
 JOHNSTON, NEWMAN.....Baltimore, Md.
 JONES, ALFRED M.....Denver, Colo.
 KEARNEY, J. KEARSLEY.....Baltimore, Md.
 KING, LAWRENCE G.....East Liverpool, Ohio.
 KRAFT, WILLIAM R.....Kingston, N. Y.
 LANIER, RAYMOND S.....Danville, Ky.
 LEGORE, JAMES A.....Legore, Md.
 LENKARD, GUY M.....Wheeling, W. Va.
 LONG, MATT R.....Roxboro, N. C.
 LYNCH, JOHN E.....Washington, D. C.
 MCCLURE, HUGH.....Staunton, Va.
 MCENTEE, JANSEN A.....Kingston, N. Y.
 MARTIN, RICHARD W.....Defiance, Ohio.
 MASON, JOHN Y.....Lynchburg, Va.
 MINOR, JAMES M.....Uniontown, Pa.
 MISH, ROBERT W. H.....Middlebrook, Va.
 MOORES, WM. H. H., JR., Texarkana, Texas.
 MORSE, GEORGE A.....Minneapolis, Minn.
 MORRISON, LAWRENCE F.....Kansas City, Mo.

MOSELEY, THOMAS S.....Richmond, Va.
 PALMER, CARL I.....Schrene, Ohio.
 PARKER, WILLIAM.....Chance, Va.
 POSEY, A. CECIL.....San Jose, Cal.
 PUGH, CHARLES S.....Williamsport, Pa.
 PURCELL, EDWARD S.....Harrisonburg, Va.
 RYLEY, WILL.....Kansas City, Mo.
 SAMS, R. TROY.....Bristol, Tenn.
 SCHRIVER, ZANY J.....Knoxville, Tenn.
 SIVE, ABE S.....Red Star, W. Va.
 SMYTH, JOSEPH G.....Uvalde, Texas.
 SNYDER, MILTON K.....Lexington, Ky.
 STEVENS, GEORGE W., JR.....Richmond, Va.
 STEVENSON, JOHN.....Corinth, Ky.
 SYDNOR, WILLIAM O., JR.....Staunton, Va.
 THOMAS, NEWELL E.....Taylor, Texas.
 TIFT, AMOS C.....Tifton, Ga.
 WARD, H. CARLETON.....New York, N. Y.
 WILSON, J. PENDLETON.....Wheeling, W. Va.
 WOOLARD, SOLOMON.....Tarboro, N. C.
 WRIGHT, SAUNDERS.....Pemberton, Va.
 YOUNG, W. LESLIE.....Lexington, Va.



First Forty Minutes.



Second Forty Minutes.



Last Forty Minutes.

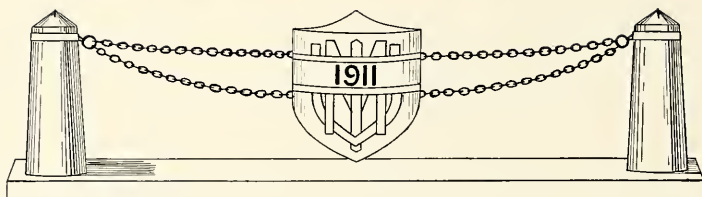


1911 Class Ring



THIS RING
WAS SPECIALLY DESIGNED
AND MANUFACTURED
BY
BAILEY, BANKS & BIDDLE
COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA
PENNA.

THE BOMB



First Class History



H, for Macaulay's pen and Bill Jackson's imagination! Lacking, however, these prerequisites, the historian, thrown upon his own resources, must be content with a brief recital of facts, unilluminated by the brilliancy of diction and invention characteristic of those envied gentlemen. There is much to record, and the temptation to digress from a history of the class as a whole, in order to develop the greatness of its individual members, is particularly strong. Volumes might be written upon J. Franklin Bell N——'s designs upon the army of the United States, and Hiram's attempts at walking the straight and narrow path, and Dream's ambi-



tion to make Birmingham wet, forever and a day; but temptation is a thing to be met and overcome. Even the thought of Count von Max's complexion,

THE BOMB

or old Horse and his fondness for shredded Hay and Sugar, must be avoided. Important though they be, the individuals must make way for the class.

On September 1, 1907, the newspapers of the world contained the following announcement:

"Born to the Virginia Military Institute, the Class of 1911. Both mother and child are doing nicely. 'European papers please copy.'"

Which was merely another way of saying that the Class of 1911 began its rathood days at the place and time set forth. Followed a year, then, in which it seemed to the infant prodigy that all the stars of the universe appeared to brighten the dull yellow ceiling of its quarters. These brilliant



meteoric displays, however, were imaginary, being due to the constant and unremitting determination of the third class not to let its younger brother suffer from lack of attention. Biblically speaking, 1911 was due to be happy, in that it caused happiness to others. Actually, it was as contented a bunch of rats as ever sat on soft pillows to write hair-raising accounts of the life military to shuddering homefolk.

September, 1908, found the rat, minus a tail, and a rat no longer, uncertain of its privileges, belligerently determined to enjoy all possible freedom. In course of time, rat-baiting failed to amuse. Something new, something daring, something more worth while was demanded. Accordingly, a few "miserable scamps," a title worn with pride, organized an anarchist club, choosing, as leader, one "Snake," a man of rare originality. Reports of the progress of this club were heard frequently, at almost any time of the day or night.

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A third classman is in some respects like a bottle of champagne—full of long-pent-up spirits. Remove the cork of repression and nothing is more natural than a noisy overflow of mischief. But however loud the first outburst, however fraught with disaster to discipline the overflow, such activity has but a brief span of life.

Therefore, the third year found the class as peaceful as the second discovered it turbulent. No more anarchistic bombs, no more bedevilment of rats. In fact this was the time when 1911 took a leading part in the Prevention of Cruelty to Rodents Movement. It was in this manner, from suppression to expression to repression, that 1911 advanced by stages to the perfection characteristic of the first class.



Now began the race for the elusive "dip". For three years a hazy, formless will-o'-the-wisp, it began to take form and substance, appearing at last as the summit of human endeavor. At times it seems a palpable thing, easily in reach of the aspiring first classman, then, zip!—it has receded, ten points beyond his grasp. Thus to the end, alluring and eluding, it remains an unknown quantity.

We members of the Class of 1911 have been together only four years, yet it seems as though we have never lived elsewhere. Our individual lives, before we submerged them in the larger identity of the class, seem dreamlike, unreal. For four years we have lived as a whole, thought as a whole, suffered as a whole. And during this time we have progressed from the lowest to the highest state of our existence. Handicapped by a long suspension of academic duties, incident to a fever epidemic, we have completed the pre-

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scribed courses in less time than our predecessors, and we believe, with fully as many honors.

In athletics we have more than done our part. From the first days Varsity called upon our class for men, and during the last season no fewer than five of us won the football monogram. In baseball and basket-ball we were no less indispensable. And the class teams in football won several championships, just to add a clincher to the undisputed fact that 1911 knows how to do things well.

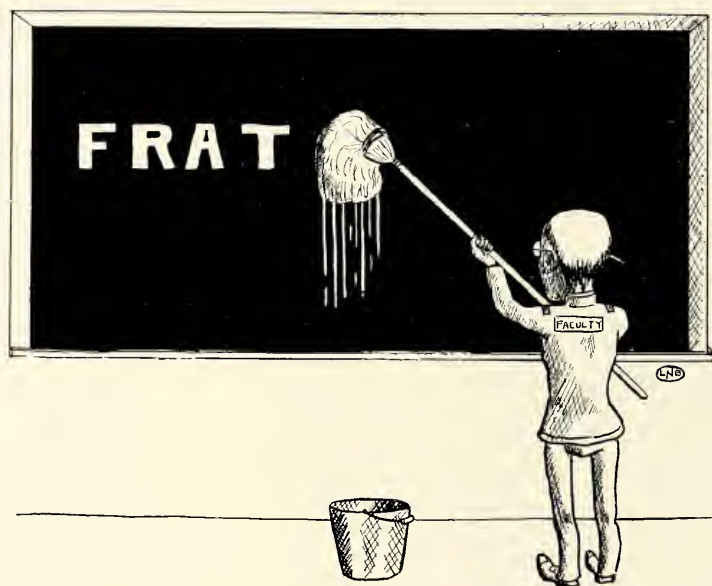
As the Senior Class of the Institute, we have all tried to uphold the standards and traditions as they have existed for seventy-two years. We congratulate ourselves, without wishing to appear conceited, upon having credit-



ably fulfilled our trust. If we have failed in any detail, it has not been through negligence. We have done our best.

Next year our trust will fall to the Class of 1912. We relinquish the control without fear, knowing that the men of that class will strive as hard as, though we believe no harder than, we have done to make themselves worthy of the old Institute. We turn over to them the honor of our Alma Mater, wishing them the comfort which is ours, the consciousness of having performed an honorable task as well as it lay in us to do.





THE BOMB

The Charleston Trip



SOON after the opening of the session of 1910-11, General Nichols received an invitation from the Daughters of the Confederacy of Charleston, W. Va., to send a company of seventy-five cadets to assist in the unveiling of a statue of General Stonewall Jackson, presented by Sir Moses Ezekiel. This invitation was due, in large measure, to Sir Moses Ezekiel, so it is to him that we owe one of the most enjoyable trips in the history of the Institute. General Nichols accepted the invitation and published an order, stating that on September 26th a picked company of seventy-five men would leave for Charleston. This company was to consist of the largest



old cadets in the battalion, since the rats had not had sufficient instruction by this time to enable them to make a good showing. Everybody was busy speculating as to who would be the "chosen ones," and more rubber heels were worn than ever before in the history of the Institute.

The company was finally selected, however, from the old cadets of "A" and "F" companies, and, to complete the required number, the tallest from "B" and "E." This company was put through a strenuous week's drill, so that it might be in first-class condition for the exercises. And it was surely a "running" company! For Captain Wagner, who was to command it, gave warning that any one found guilty of the unpardonable sin of "slipperyiness" would be forthwith kicked out and his place given to some one of shorter stature, but of a more ambitious nature.

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Bright and early Monday morning, September 26th, this crack company was formed in front of barrack under arms and in full dress ready to start on the long days' trip. Outwardly, their condition was perfect, but the command, "Inspection Arms," revealed many of the hidden mysteries of cadet nature. As soon as cartridge boxes were opened a shower of every conceivable kind of edibles, "smokables" and portable amusements began to fall. And it was now that the "gleaning" nature of those left behind asserted itself, for the "crumbs" in an incredibly short time completely obliterated all traces of the shower. As soon as the unexpected inspection was over, a sadder but a wiser company marched off to the depot. There the private cars, provided



by the generosity of President Stevens, awaited them, and after a few moments the train pulled out and—off for Charleston!

Arriving at Balcony Falls, these cars were attached to a special engine, which, with a clear track, landed us in Charleston about 6:45. As dinner had consisted only of three very dry sandwiches apiece, imagine the delight and eagerness with which the hungry cadets greeted the sumptuous repast awaiting them at the Hotel Ruffner. Before going in to supper, an announcement was made of a reception to be given that night at the home of Mr. Henry Payne, himself an old V. M. I. man, to which every one was invited. As soon as the apparently limitless appetites of the voracious cadets were slightly appeased, the company was marched to its quarters in the new Y. M. C. A. building, and there we found cots—think of it, *cots*—not the hard floor and a thin blanket, but C-O-T-S. Besides this, there were shower baths and a swim-

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ming pool, in fact everything that a tired, dusty, travel-worn bunch of cadets could desire. In a remarkably short space of time an entirely different looking and feeling bunch emerged, each armed with a permit and the determination to take by storm the hearts of the Charleston "calic," of whom they had heard so much.

With comparatively no exceptions the entire company attended the reception, and there the desire to meet the Charleston "calic" was fully gratified. For they were there, in large numbers, each striving to outdo the others in making the occasion a pleasant one for the visitors. That they succeeded, one could not doubt, and the occasion was highly successful in every particular.



About eleven o'clock the reception ended and the guests adjourned to the Masonic Hall, where a dance was given them by Miss Fay Butler. Dancing was continued until a late hour of the night, or rather an early hour of the morning, and the cadets, tired but happy, drifted one by one into their quarters at the Y. M. C. A. building after the inevitable, but much to be desired, from a certain standpoint, half hour of farewell. Whether or not each had been successful in his determination, is a matter of some conjecture and considerable doubt, but certain it is that the wearers of the shining brass buttons and glistening belt plates were the recipients of many sweet smiles and coy glances.

Much to the surprise and delight of the cadets, they found at breakfast the next morning that the sumptuous repast furnished them at the Hotel Ruffner the evening before was not to be an exception, but that provision had

THE BOMB

been made for such meals during the entire stay at Charleston. About 10:30 the company was formed in full dress and marched to its position at the head of the parade. There they were greeted by their old friends, the Stonewall band, which was to accompany them in the parade. The line of march was short, compared to that of Richmond and Washington, and the cadets, marching in column of platoons, never held better lines or made a better impression on the spectators. All along the route to the Capitol Square, where the parade was to terminate, cheers of approval greeted the cadets from every side. Then the company was formed in a semi-circle around the veiled statue of Stonewall Jackson, and after hearing the speeches of welcome and presenta-



tion, fired a volley simultaneous with the unveiling. Without waiting to hear the remainder of the program, the company was marched back to the Y. M. C. A. and dismissed with a leave of absence until 8:30 the next morning.

Dinner was the uppermost thought in everybody's mind, and after that they did whatever struck their fancies; some attended the moving-picture shows, many the baseball game, where no admission was charged cadets, and *very* many went "calicoing." The utmost hospitality was extended to the cadets by every one. They were invited to a reception, followed by a dance at the Country Club that night. Taking advantage of the acquaintances formed the night before, a good many cadets took "calic" to the reception and dance. After the reception was over, the younger crowd adjourned to the ball-room upstairs, and, after dancing for several hours, delicious refreshments were served. Dancing was resumed and continued until a late hour. Many invita-

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tions were extended to the cadets to spend the night, and several took advantage of these kind offers.

Those who had spent the night out, however, were present at 8:30 the next morning, when the company, after a farewell breakfast at the hotel, packed their belongings and marched to the station. While awaiting the train, the company came very near losing quite a number of men by desertion, for some of the Charleston "calic" risked the loss of their beauty-sleep to make their last farewells to the cadets. But, luckily, the train pulled up in time to save the company and the cadets were entrained, complete in number, but not whole in heart. The trip back was uneventful, and they arrived at barracks in time to enjoy the usual "sumptuous repast" (?) at the mess hall.

Soon after the return of the company, a letter of appreciation and thanks was received from the Daughters of the Confederacy of Charleston, but it is beyond the power of the cadets to express their appreciation and gratitude for the entertainment and hospitality given them while in Charleston.





CLASS OF 1912



The Class of 1912

COLORS: Maroon and White

OFFICERS

J. N. DALTON.....	President
C. E. MOORE.....	Vice-President
W. H. EDWARDS.....	Historian

MEMBERS

AMERINE, WARREN M.....	Montgomery, Ala.
BALDWIN, J. FAURE.....	Tyler, Texas.
BEETON, FRANCIS E.....	Lexington, Va.
BLOMQUIST, CARL W.....	Port Gibson, Miss.
BOYKIN, HENLEY P.....	Suffolk, Va.
BROWN, ALANSON D.....	St. Louis, Mo.
BROWN, FOSTER V., JR.....	Chattanooga, Tenn.
CARSON, ROBERT P.....	Coalgate, Okla.
CARTER, FRANK W.....	Warrenton, Va.
CHILDS, J. RIVES.....	Lynchburg, Va.
CHRISTIAN, A. HALLAM.....	Lynchburg, Va.
CLARK, HARVEY R.....	Schulenburg, Texas.
CROCKETT, GILMAN K.....	Pedford City, Va.
CUNNINGHAM, DON K.....	Beaumont, Texas.
DALTON, JOSEPH N.....	Winston-Salem, N. C.
DODD, RANDELL S.....	St. Louis, Mo.
DRENNEN, DONALD.....	Birmingham, Ala.
DUFF, JOE E.....	Belfast Mills, Va.
EASTHAM, ROBERT L.....	Harrisonburg, Va.
EDWARDS, W. HOWARD.....	Leesburg, Va.
EWING, JAMES L.....	New Orleans, La.
FARRELL, DANDRIDGE.....	St. Louis, Mo.
GAYLE, LESTER T.....	Portsmouth, Va.
GELZER, EDWARD DUP.....	Richmond, Va.
GOODMAN, MOSES.....	Norfolk, Va.
GROVE, FRANK A., JR.....	Max Meadows, Va.
HARRIS, HERBERT W.....	New Kent, Va.
HASTIE, JACK, JR.....	Seattle, Wash.
HOWARD, SAMUEL L.....	Washington, D. C.
JACKSON, H. STANLEY.....	Lynchburg, Va.
JULIAN, LEE S.....	Lake City, Fla.
KANE, PATRICK L.....	Bristol, Va.
KEITH, LUCIEN, JR.....	Warrenton, Va.

THE BOMB

KIBLER, ABRAM F.....	Stannnton, Va.
KRAFT, WILLIAM R.....	Kingston, N. Y.
LEE, SIDNEY W., JR.....	Birmingham, Ala.
LONG, RAYMOND M.....	Medina, Ohio.
MCCORMICK, WILLIAM H.....	Baltimore, Md.
MALSBERGER, A. HUEY, JR.....	Massey, Md.
MERIAN, PHILIP A.....	Rye, N. Y.
MILLER, CHARLES G.....	Richmond, Va.
MOORE, CHARLES E.....	Berryville, Va.
MORRISSETT, D. GORDON.....	Lynchburg, Va.
MOSELEY, THOMAS S.....	Richmond, Va.
OUTTEN, EDGAR C.....	Hampton, Va.
OWEN, ARCHER A., JR.....	Turbeville, Va.
PARKER, WILLIAM.....	Chance, Va.
PURDIE, KENNETH S.....	Norfolk, Va.
RANDOPH, CHARLES C.....	Evington, Va.
REARDON, HENRY B., JR.....	Norfolk, Va.
REED, WASHINGTON.....	Smithfield, Va.
SHOTWELL, RANDOLPH K.....	Culpeper, Va.
SHUFELDT, FRANK A., JR.....	New Orleans, La.
SMITH, ALAN M.....	Birmingham, Ala.
SMITH, ESTILL V.....	Fort Leavenworth, Kan.
SMITH, ROY B., JR.....	Roanoke, Va.
SMOOT, HAROLD K.....	Manzanillo, Mex.
SPEER, GEORGE A., JR.....	Atlanta, Ga.
STEVENSON, JOHN.....	Corinth, Ky.
STUCKY, HARRY C.....	Lexington, Ky.
TEMPLETON, HAMILTON.....	Malolas Bulacan, P. I.
THROCKMORTON, ROBERT J.....	Richmond, Va.
VAN METER, J. BAYLOR.....	Lexington, Ky.
WELSH, W. CARROLL.....	Purcellville, Va.
WEST, R. ASHTON.....	Bellevue, Va.
WILSON, FRANK C.....	Birmingham, Ala.
WILSON, LEROY C.....	Baltimore, Md.
WITT, THOMAS F.....	Richmond, Va.



Second Class History



It was on the second of September, nineteen hundred and eight, that the Class of 1912 actually came into existence. Then it was that a large number of very green rats matriculated and thus laid the corner-stone to the building of another class history. Within the next few weeks our number was greatly swelled by the arrival of other new "brother rats." We were rats of the old kind with our "night-shirt parades," "choo-choo trains," "sound offs" and rainy-day "picnics." At times it must be admitted too many engagements and too much amusement was furnished us. Often under various treatments we did not think that this



year was an entirely satisfactory one. Now, however, most of us look back on those days with the very fondest of memories.

THE BOMB

One sad accident alone threw a deep gloom over our first year at V. M. I. It came when George Cooke Ferebee, of Norfolk, Virginia, a classmate of only a few months, was killed in the football game with Roanoke College. He had even in the short time that he was with us made friends with all, and his great football ability had been clearly shown to the coach and the whole corps.

The rat year closed with about one hundred and twenty-five members of 1912 still here. But the next year started with greatly diminished numbers. A large addition in the shape of a very smart bunch of third class rats helped to fill the places of the missing. The year before we had looked forward to the third class year with much pleasure, but it was not long before we realized that it, too, had its drawbacks. We showed the usual "mean" spirit in opposi-



tion to the first class. The first part of the year was Hell, everybody having "decks" on us, and all kinds of threats and restrictions were directed towards us. Although overcome at last, we put up a game fight until the end.

The rats as usual were under our protection, and it may be said that they were carefully taken care of (perhaps most too carefully to suit them). Our history would not have been complete if the flags had not been stolen, corps "busted," the statue painted and "12's" placed in many conspicuous places. As our third class year neared its close, our "mean" spirit began to leave us and all looked forward to being "dignified" second classmen. Truly, I believe, it can be said that we proved model third classmen, both in our duty to the rats and in our duty to our class.

Now in our second class year many more of the old faces have left us. Like all second classes, we are nothing very important, just understudies to the first class and living in the hope of being allowed to step into their places.

THE BOMB

Then, too, our eyes are all on the capes and other first class privileges. For, after having eaten at the mess hall all week, the privilege of getting a "steak with onions" at the Greek's on Saturday and Sunday nights is indeed something to look forward to.

The typhoid fever, which caused a furlough to be given the corps in November, particularly took a grudge on 1912, eleven of us having the disease. They were certainly martyrs to the cause, as the rest of us were allowed to spend Christmas at home for the first time since we came to V. M. I.

In athletics, '12 has always been most conspicuous. In her first year she had monogram men in both baseball and football, and each year she has added to the number. It is not without pride that we can point to the Varsity baseball squad and call it our class team. With a little luck, the fifty-odd men now in the Class of 1912 are destined to graduate together. They are all hard workers for their class and have always shown a willingness to make anything that she has undertaken a success. May the friendliness and loyalty to their class remain true, and may the happenings of their "Keydet" days be the cause of many pleasant memories in the future!

HISTORIAN, '12.





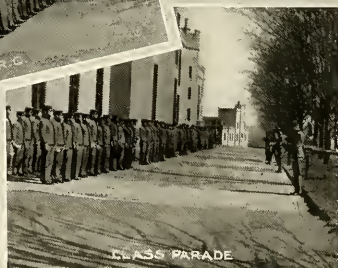
CORPS MARCHING TO MESS HALL



LITTEN DRILL



D.R.C.



CLASS PARADE



Class of 1913

COLORS: Blue and White

OFFICERS

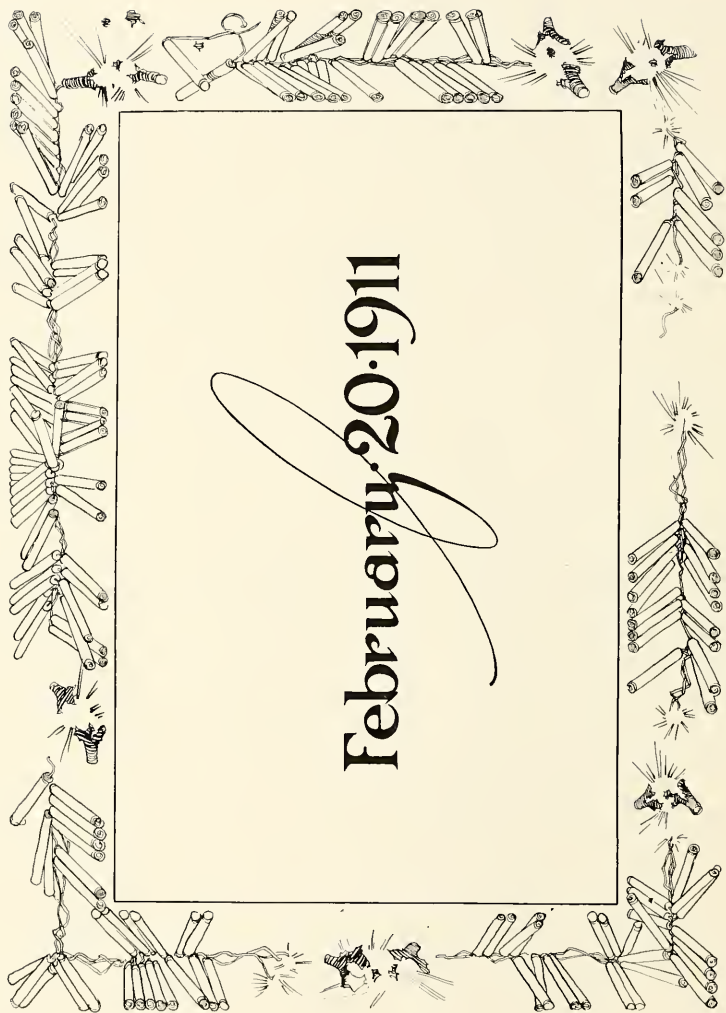
F. B. WEBSTER.....	President
T. WORTHINGTON, JR.....	Vice-President
L. S. GEROW.....	Historian

MEMBERS

ADAMS, T. STOKES.....	Richmond, Va.
ALLEN, JAMES G.....	Yonkers, N. Y.
ANDERSON, J. AYLOR.....	Linden, Va.
ANDERSON, J. KYLE.....	Lexington, Va.
BALDWIN, W. FRAZER.....	Chicago, Ill.
BANNING, HANCOCK, JR.....	Los Angeles, Cal.
BELL, GORDON C.....	Dublin, Va.
BOGGESE, R. WOODFIN.....	Waco, Texas.
BOWLES, WILLIAM B., JR.....	Salem, Va.
BRAND, W. FITZGERALD.....	Salem, Va.
BRANDT, JACKSON, JR.....	Baltimore, Md.
BRYAN, HENRY T., JR.....	Tarboro, N. C.
BURTON, REUBEN, JR.....	Richmond, Va.
BUSHNELL, G. ELMORE.....	Los Angeles, Cal.
CABELL, CHARLES F.....	Bowling Green, Ky.
CANN, SAMUEL A.....	Savannah, Ga.
CARSON, GEORGE L.....	Riverton, Va.
CHRISTIAN, CAMILLUS, JR.....	Lynchburg, Va.
CLARKE, C. KENNON.....	Bogota, N. J.
COBURN, HUGH S.....	Meridian, Miss.
COOPER, J. SUMMERS.....	Hopkinsville, Ky.
COULBOURN, D. LANGHORNE.....	Walkers Ford, Va.
CRANE, J. MITCHELL.....	San Antonio, Texas.
CRESWELL, HARRY T.....	San Francisco, Cal.
CUNNINGHAM, W. FRANK.....	Birmingham, Ala.
DARNELL, HARRY A.....	Memphis, Tenn.
DAVES, BYRON F.....	Cleveland, Ohio.
DICKSON, HORACE K.....	Norfolk, Va.
DILLARD, A. WOOD.....	Brooklyn, N. Y.
DILLARD, WILLIAM E.....	Lynchburg, Va.
DISHMAN, CHARLES H.....	Henderson, Ky.
DOWNES, J. WATSON.....	Baltimore, Md.

February 20·1911

CLASS OF 1913

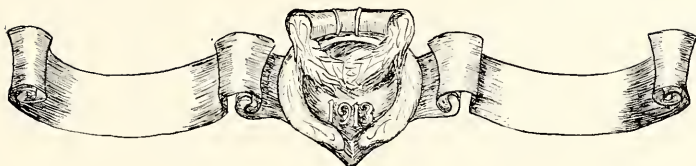
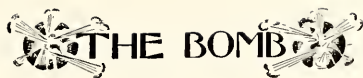


THE BOMB

ELLIOTT, GEORGE H.....	Pleasant Hill, Mo
EWING, JOHN D.....	New Orleans, La.
FLANNAGAN, COKE.....	New York, N. Y.
FRAZER, EDWARD J.....	Comfort, Texas.
GALT, ALEXANDER, JR.....	Annapolis, Md.
GEROW, L. SAUNDERS.....	Petersburg, Va.
GETZEN, T. HART.....	Webster, Fla.
GUTIERREZ, VIRGIL.....	Sagua La Grande, Cuba.
GWATKIN, JAMES G.....	Richmond, Va.
HARDAWAY, BEN H., JR.....	Columbus, Va.
HAYNES, WINSTON R.....	Richmond, Va.
HORDERN, HERBERT R.....	Warrenton, Va.
HOWARD, RICHARD J.....	St. Louis, Mo.
HUGGEE, ROZIER P.....	St. Louis, Mo.
INGRAM, NELSON.....	Richmond, Va.
JEMISON, ELBERT.....	Birmingham, Ala.
JONES, CATESBY AP C.....	Richmond, Va.
JONES, JACK W.....	Canton, Ga.
KELLY, WARREN.....	New York, N. Y.
KIMBELL, FORDYCE R.....	St. Louis, Mo.
KING, J. FRANK.....	Albemarle, N. C.
KINGMAN, MATTHEW H.....	Des Moines, Iowa
KIRKPATRICK, JAMES D., JR.....	Birmingham, Ala.
KNIGHT, ROBERT W.....	Cartersville, Ga.
LEECH, LLOYD L.....	Lexington, Va.
LOOK, FREDERICK W.....	Brown Station, N. Y.
LOTH, MORITZ R.....	Waynesboro, Va.
LOTH, W. JEFFERSON.....	Waynesboro, Va.
LYNCH, J. BURR.....	Chincoteague, Va.
MCCABE, CHARLES P.....	Leesburg, Va.
MCCLEVY, WILLIAM W.....	Petersburg, Va.
MCGEE, CHARLES H.....	Leland, Miss.
MCGEE, RALPH W.....	Leland, Miss.
McKINNEY, AVERETT.....	Lynchburg, Va.
McMENAMIN, JAMES.....	Hampton, Va.
McMENAMIN, JOHN.....	Hampton, Va.
McMILLIN, EDWYN W.....	Chattanooga, Tenn.
MANSFIELD, CHARLES F., JR.....	Monticello, Ill.
MARSHALL, WILLIAM, JR.....	Richmond, Va.
MAYER, C. LEONARD.....	Norfolk, Va.
METCALFE, FRED R.....	Greenville, Miss.
MITCHELL, ARTHUR H.....	Graham, Va.
MITCHELL, ROBERT K.....	Danville, Va.
MURRILL, HUGH A.....	Charlotte, N. C.
NOWLIN, J. CHRISTIAN, JR.....	Lynchburg, Va.
PATTERSON, MAX G.....	Chatham, Va.

THE BOMB

PECK, S. HENRY, JR.....	Grand Rapids, Mich.
POINDEXTER, NAT. S.....	Walkertown, N. C.
PRICE, GEORGE D.....	Charleston, W. Va.
PRUITT, M. WEBB.....	Thomaston, Ga.
QUENTIN, HERMAN P.....	Denver, Colo.
RATHEONE, WOFFORD R.....	Cuero, Texas.
RAWLS, WILLIAM A.....	Pensacola, Fla.
RICHARDS, WALTER A.....	Clifton Station, Va.
RICHEY, JOHN L.....	Fort Defiance, Va.
RISER, G. SEAMAN.....	Birmingham, Ala.
ROBERTSON, B. LYNN.....	Catharpin, Va.
ROHBROUGH, WENDELL W.....	Belington, W. Va.
ROLLER, J. EDWIN, JR.....	Harrisonburg, Va.
ROUSE, P. SHEPHERD.....	Smithfield, Va.
SATTERFIELD, CALVIN, JR.....	Germantown, Pa.
SCHILLIG, STEPHEN J.....	Port Gibson, Miss.
SMITH, SIDNEY C.....	Wheeling, W. Va.
SMITH, TOM O., JR.....	Birmingham, Ala.
STONE, EVERETT B.....	Bedford City, Va.
STROH, JOHN W.....	Detroit, Mich.
STROUD, EDWARD B.....	Fort Worth, Texas.
THOMPSON, ROBERT B.....	Auburn, N. Y.
THORPE, FRANKLYN.....	Chicago, Ill.
TWOMBLY, CLAUDE M.....	Portland, Ind.
WADDEY, DAVID M.....	Richmond, Va.
WALBACH, JAMES B.....	Baltimore, Md.
WEBSTER, FRED B.....	Missoula, Mont.
WILLIAMS, R. MOORE.....	Ashland, Va.
WOOLLS, WILLIAM P., JR.....	Alexandria, Va.
WORTHINGTON, THOMAS, JR.....	Birmingham, Ala.



Third Class History



On the first of September, 1909, one hundred and ten members of the Class of '13 reached Lexington for the purpose of becoming cadets at the Virginia Military Institute. Had we only known what the year had in store for us, it is probable that brass buttons and uniforms would have lost their charms. In the succeeding months, however, we became thoroughly familiar with the joys and privileges of "rat" life, and though it seemed to us then as if the entire family of his Satanic Majesty had been turned loose upon us, none of us regret that ordeal, and at present we look back upon that year as the happiest of our lives. Our experiences and adventures in this period of our cadet life are too many and varied for us to relate, but one incident should be of interest to all who have the welfare of the corps at heart. That is the stand our class took against hazing,—namely, not to practise or countenance it. If to some this has been a sacrifice, it was one gladly made by all the class for its Alma Mater.

One hundred and eight of our classmates returned to the Institute at the beginning of our third class year, as it seemed to us solely to instruct the new Rodents in the straight and narrow path of a military career. Those of us, however, who were unfortunate enough to get our stripes soon found out that it was far from being a pleasant occupation on a hot September day to drill a dumb squad of "misters" with the eagle eye of an officer upon us.

On account of a furlough, made necessary by typhoid and pink-eye epidemics, the faculty decided that there would be no time for the intermediate exams, much to the joy of some of our members, who had previously sought knowledge on the football field, or in the gymnasium, rather than in the classroom.

In athletics our class has been well represented, both in football and in baseball, while in basket-ball, which is a comparatively new sport at V. M. I., '13 has shown much interest and furnished several regulars, for the team. In other interests and organizations of the Institute, the third class has shown a similarly active spirit, and third classmen may be found in the literary societies and debating halls, taking the lead, as many of their classmates have done in athletics.



How It Came to Pass

I. It came to pass in the second month of the year, on the 19th day of the month, in the State of Virginia, over against the City of Lexington:

II. Yea, even in the place where the sons of the men of the State were being trained in all the arts and sciences, of numbers, and writings, and speech.

III. Certain young men, sons of the governors and rulers and mighty men of the land said one to another:

IV. Go to! let us break the Yoke of the oppressor, yea, also, let us throw down our books, and trample their laws under our feet, for we be great men.

V. Let us walk out of this city of oppression, out of this land of our captivity, and be free.

VI. And they called their class together, even to an upper story, after the rulers of the house had lain upon their beds in slumber.

VII. Then spake these foolish striplings one to another. Why should we bear these burdens that are laid upon us?

VIII. Are we not wiser in our generation than our fathers, yea than our fathers' fathers, aye verily than "Auld Nick," who is the father of all our evils?

IX. Behold when we do this great thing, the noise whereof will go

abroad throughout all the land even beyond the seas,

X. We shall be saluted as heroes and received in the land of our fathers with great rejoicing.

XI. And they did every one that which was right in his own eyes,

XII. Some of these sons of Belial did raise Hell, throwing fiery bombs one at another, and did howl for joy—for this is wherein their great strength lieth.

XIII. And they journeyed to the homes of their fathers, yearning for the apron strings of their mothers and the bottles of the babes and sucklings,

XIV. And while they were yet a great way off their parents sent cunningly devised messages to them, which sat heavy on their hearts, and made them sore afraid.

XV. For behold their shackles were few, but their thoughts, and the imaginations of their hearts made them quake with apprehension.

XVI. And the fathers said unto these saplings, Wherefore have ye done this great evil in the eyes of the State, and brought this trouble into our houses?

XVII. Return ye therefore with all speed and pray the lord of the house that he take you in.

THE BOMB

XVIII. And the lads answered, We cannot go back, for verily we have broken the laws and have been expelled from the city.

XIX. The fathers answered in great wrath, Get ye then into the fields and market places, and hire ye out by the day—for ye shall not eat of our meat and live in idleness in our houses.

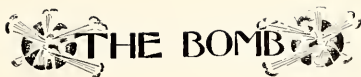
XX. Then the lads grew smaller in their own sight and were sore stricken and ashamed.

XXI. The writers of the news of the land called them silly names, and they said one to another, We are fools; and their fathers called them darned fools.

XXII. Then were they ashamed and wept salt tears, and were an example to the younger children of the judgment that followeth the breakers of the law.



CLASS OF 1914



Class of 1914

COLORS: Grey and Maroon

OFFICERS

E. C. JENNINGS.....	President
E. S. ALSTON.....	Vice-President
R. M. YUELL.....	Secretary
E. P. CONQUEST.....	Historian

MEMBERS

ACKER, JOSEPH E.....	Edom, Va.
ALLISON, JAMES A.....	Draper, Va.
ALSTON, EDWIN S.....	Dallas, Texas.
AMORY, GEORGE S.....	Wilmington, Del.
AMORY, THOMAS D.....	Wilmington, Del.
ARMSTRONG, WILLIAM D.....	Petersburg, Va.
ASHLEY, EUGENE.....	Valdosta, Ga.
AVERILL, HENRY.....	Orange, Va.
BAKER, CLARENCE J.....	Big Island, Va.
BARGER, GUY H.....	Moundsville, W. Va.
BARRETT, LELAND K.....	Atlanta, Ga.
BARRETT, ROBERT W.....	Atlanta, Ga.
BENNETT, JOHN R.....	Charleston, S. C.
BLUNDON, ALVEY.....	Reedsville, Va.
BRABSON, SAMUEL M.....	Greenville, Tenn.
BRADFORD, S. SYDNEY, JR.....	Fredericksburg, Va.
BRENNAN, RUDOLPH W.....	Washington, D. C.
BRIGGS, J. WALTER.....	Richmond, Va.
BROOKS, REGINALD R.....	Missoula, Mont.
BROWN, WILLARD C.....	Washington, D. C.
BURRESS, WITHERS A.....	Richmond, Va.
BURT, KENNETH N.....	Washington, D. C.
CAMPELL, WILLIAM E.....	Mechanicsburg, Pa.
CAMPBELL, WILLIAM S.....	Lexington, Va.
CAMPMAN, J. HARRY.....	Houston, Texas.
CHARBONNET, PIERRE N.....	New Orleans, La.
CHRISTIAN, JOHN H.....	Lynchburg, Va.
CLARKE, BASIL.....	Birmingham, Ala.
CLARKSON, BLANDY B.....	Millboro, Va.
CLEMENT, WILLIAM T.....	Lynchburg, Va.
CLOPTON, EDWARD J.....	Washington, Va.
COLLIER, HENRY L., JR.....	Atlanta, Ga.

THE BOMB

COLLINS, HAROLD M.	Marion, Va.
CONQUEST, EDWIN P.	Richmond, Va.
COULBOURN, JAMES O.	Birmingham, Ala.
CRITTENDEN, ORLANDO B.	Greenville, Miss.
CRUMP, MALCOLM H., JR.	Bowling Green, Ky.
CUTCHINS, FRANK.	Richmond, Va.
DICKINS, FRANK A.	Fredericksburg, Va.
DILLEY, ED. S.	Pine Bluff, Ark.
DOUGLAS, HOWARD M.	McIntosh, Ala.
DRAKE, FELIX H., JR.	Minden, La.
EASLEY, CARY B.	Richmond, Va.
ECHOLS, ERNEST C.	Glasgow, Va.
ENGLEDOVE, OSCAR R.	Lynchburg, Va.
EVANS, ROBERT D.	Lynchburg, Va.
FLETCHER, MARSHALL P.	Charlottesville, Va.
GEE, W. WEBB.	Richmond, Va.
GIBERT, L. GUSTAVE.	New Orleans, La.
GITTINGS, THOMAS M.	Washington, D. C.
GODDIN, CHARLES W., JR.	Richmond, Va.
GOODYEAR, GEORGE A.	Charlottesville, Va.
GRADY, HENRY V.	Chattanooga, Tenn.
GRAHAM, J. ORMONDE.	Washington, D. C.
GREGORY, WINFREY H.	Alton, Ill.
GROVE, J. PHILIP.	Charlottesville, Va.
HALSELL, CARL G.	Laurel, Miss.
HARR, WORLEY.	Johnson City, Tenn.
HART, J. BROWER.	New Orleans, La.
HARWOOD, SLAVENS.	Baltimore, Md.
HEATH, GEORGE C.	Shell P. O., Va.
HERRING, WILLIE B.	Moss Point, Miss.
HIGGS, WILSON B.	Charles Town, W. Va.
HOLLAND, ROBERT C.	Brownsville, Texas.
JAMES, R. WILSON.	Danville, Va.
JARMAN, EMERSON W.	Farmville, Va.
JENNINGS, E. CECIL.	Lynchburg, Va.
JENNINGS, J. DILLARD.	Lynchburg, Va.
JOHNSON, WILTON R.	Boscobel, Va.
JORDAN, S. H. POPE.	Keyser, W. Va.
KARST, CHARLES, JR.	New Orleans, La.
KEEZELL, REMBRANDT P.	Keezletown, Va.
KELLY, RUSSELL A.	Cedarhurst, N. Y.
KIDD, WINFRED E.	Lovington, Va.
KNIGHT, ROY R.	Franklin, Va.
KRENTZEL, FRITZ.	Lotus, Brazil.
LANCER, GEORGE E.	Phoebus, Va.
LANDAU, SIDNEY.	St. Louis, Mo.

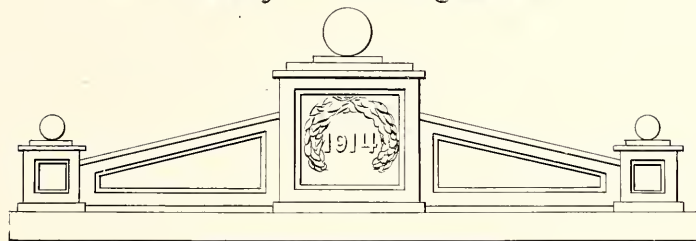
THE BOMB

LANE, W. RUTHERFORD.....	Orange, N. J.
LAUTERBACH, L. LAMONT.....	Petersburg, Va.
LEE, JAMES C.....	Birmingham, Ala.
MCCORMICK, JAMES R.....	Raphine, Va.
MCCORMICK, O. LYLE.....	Raphine, Va.
MCLEAN, J. DOUGLAS.....	Alexandria, Va.
MANN, D. M. BERNARD.....	Petersburg, Va.
MARTIN, HOWARD G.....	Norfolk, Va.
MAYS, DANNITTE H., JR.....	Monticello, Fla.
MEEM, JOHN G., JR.....	Brooklyn, N. Y.
MERRY, HOWARD R.....	Baltimore, Md.
MILAM, CARTER.....	Nashville, Tenn.
MILES, OSCAR L., JR.....	Fort Smith, Ark.
MILLER, WARD.....	Fort Thomas, Ky.
MINNIGERODE, JOHN H.....	Baltimore, Md.
MOORE, WARNER, JR.....	Richmond, Va.
MUNCE, GEORGE G.....	Richmond, Va.
MUNDAY, BENTON F.....	Kansas City, Mo.
MUNGER, LONNIE P.....	Birmingham, Ala.
NASON, HENRY.....	San Diego, Cal.
NORTON, EDWARD B.....	Birmingham, Ala.
OWEN, EVAN I.....	Weems, Va.
OWENS, B. BERTRAM.....	Winston-Salem, N. C.
PATTON, JOHN M.....	Lexington, Va.
PENDLETON, NATHANIEL G.....	New York, N. Y.
PERKINSON, ALLAN C.....	Petersburg, Va.
PHILLIPS, JEFF C.....	Hampton, Va.
POAGE, ROBERT H.....	Wytheville, Va.
PRENTISS, W. PEARCE.....	Richmond, Va.
RAYNOR, CLARK S.....	White Haven, Md.
REGISTER, CHARLES E.....	Richmond, Va.
REID, RICHARD J.....	Chatham, Va.
RENTZ, JIM T.....	Ocala, Fla.
RICE, HARRY J.....	Morristown, Tenn.
ROOT, KENNETH C.....	St. Louis, Mo.
ROYALL, WILLIAM L., JR.....	Richmond, Va.
SCHENCK, HAL E.....	Lawndale, N. C.
SCHENCK, JOHN F., JR.....	Lawndale, N. C.
SCHUMACHER, LEO F.....	La Grange, Texas.
SCOTT, K. DUVAL.....	Lynchburg, Va.
SIDDLE, STEPHEN W.....	Locust Hill, N. C.
SPRINGS, ELI B., JR.....	Charlotte, N. C.
STACY, J. LATHAM.....	Greenville, Miss.
SUTHERLAND, NORMAN.....	St. Louis, Mo.
SUTTON, A. HUNTER.....	Richmond, Va.
TALIAFERRO, JOHN M.....	Rapidan, Va.

THE BOMB

TARDY, T. HOWARD.....	Lexington, Va.
TATE, JOSEPH G.....	Draper, Va.
THOMPSON, ALBERT E.....	Baltimore, Md.
THOMPSON, ERNEST O.....	Amarillo, Texas.
TRADER, GRAHAM.....	Meter, Va.
TURNER, E. WARDEN, JR.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
WALLER, J. MARK.....	Delmar, Del.
WARNER, GEORGE O.....	St. Louis, Mo.
WHITWORTH, KENNETH B.....	New York, N. Y.
WIGHT, JOSEPH D.....	Baltimore, Md.
WILSON, JOHN R.....	Flowerree, Miss.
WILTSHIRE, GEORGE D.....	Baltimore, Md.
YANCEY, THOMAS M.....	Bedford City, Va.
YANCEY, WILLIAM B.....	Harrisonburg, Va.
YOUELL, RICE M.....	Norton, Va.





“Rat” Class History



THE first of September dawned bright and fair and the day proved most promising for the new rat class. Rats came pouring in that day—big rats, little rats, rats of every description and from all parts of the country. After matriculating, the first thing we did was to see about getting our uniforms. Only a few succeeded in being fitted the first day, and the majority of us went around in “cits” with caps on, looking like street-car conductors for about two weeks. The old cadets returned on the eighth.

We were all very much complimented, at first, that every one called us “mister”; but pretty soon it was surprising how small that term made you feel. Drill began almost immediately, and before the first month was over every one of us had received the distinction of being the “dumbest rat that ever came to V. M. I.” We also found out how much healthier it was to stand up straight and walk on the outside of the stoops and several other little things like that.

There were three eternal questions which every old cadet in barracks seemed to know: “What’s your name, mister?” “Where are you from?” “Whom do you know there that I know?” We used to hear and answer these from morning till night.

When the football season opened, the squad was very much strengthened by men from our class. They showed up well in every game, and all of us are proud to know that the only man in the South who scored on Georgetown was one of our brother rats.

About the middle of November an epidemic of pink-eye broke out in barracks, and there were only a very few unfortunates who failed to catch the disease. Of course none of us could study or use our eyes in any way.

THE BOMB

But strange to relate, the magazine man's sales increased ten per cent during this time.

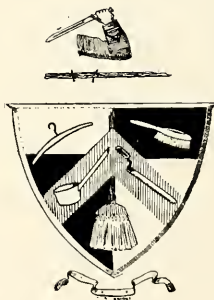
After the pink-eye scare, however, something more serious broke out: typhoid fever. A good many caught it, including a number from our class. Everybody at once began to think of a furlough, and on the twenty-second of November the corps was marched over to the Jackson Memorial Hall and dismissed until the fourth of January. Never before had the rat class been fortunate enough to be home for the three best holidays of the year—Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Year's Day. Many an extra turkey was devoured during those six weeks.

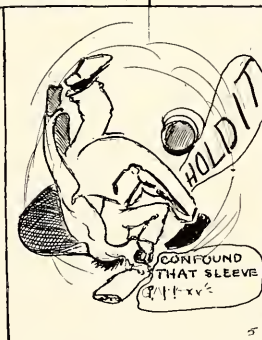
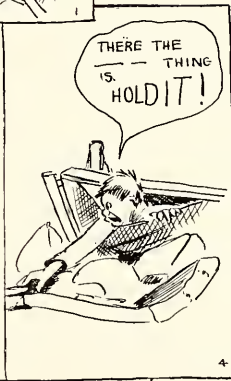
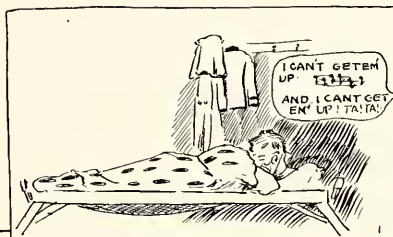
One very sad thing happened, however, which marred the pleasure of the furlough for every one of us. This was the death of Alvey Blundon, of Reedsville, Virginia, which occurred in a hospital in Baltimore while the boy was on his way home from the Institute.

On the fourth of January, most of the corps returned. By the end of the week we had gotten down to hard work, and "rat" days began again. About the middle of the month our class held a meeting for the election of officers. Cecil Jennings, of Lynchburg, Virginia, was elected president, and Edwin Alston, of Dallas, Texas, vice-president. With two such good men as leaders, I feel sure the class will succeed.

Now as our rat year is drawing to a close, it is interesting to take a look into the future. The class will gradually dwindle, but there will be plenty of "Keydets" back next year to keep up its good name. Some will be corporals, but most of us will be plain old privates. I wonder if there is any one of us now who is not looking forward eagerly to the time when we shall stop "finning out" and can walk around barracks as mean third classmen?

HISTORIAN, '14.






In Memoriam


ALVEY BLUNDON
REEDSVILLE, VA


DIED NOVEMBER 29, 1910


Military Department





TACTICAL OFFICERS



Tactical Officers

COLONEL SAMUEL R. GLEAVES

MAJOR R. BARCLAY POAGUE

CAPTAIN CHARLES S. CARTER

CAPTAIN RICHARD F. WAGNER

CAPTAIN JESSE L. SINCLAIR

CAPTAIN B. DAVIS MAYO

CAPTAIN CHARLES B. COULEBURN

CAPTAIN JAMES N. NICHOLS, JR.



COMMISSIONED OFFICERS



Commissioned Officers

A. NALLE.....	Captain Company A
P. X. ENGLISH.....	Captain Company F
L. T. GEROW.....	Captain Company B
P. McA. BIEDLER.....	Captain Company E
J. M. HUNDLEY.....	Captain Company C
V. B. HIRST.....	Captain Company D
H. B. KINSOLVING, JR.....	First Lieutenant and Adjutant
J. R. MECREDY, JR.....	First Lieutenant Company A
G. R. COLLINS.....	First Lieutenant Company F
W. S. ROBINSON.....	First Lieutenant Company B
R. M. WILSON.....	First Lieutenant Company E
E. E. RICHARDSON, JR.....	First Lieutenant Company C
M. E. RUEHRMUND.....	First Lieutenant Company D
E. T. DAVANT.....	Second Lieutenant and Quartermaster
C. M. BRISTER, JR.....	Second Lieutenant Company A
I. G. WHITE.....	Second Lieutenant Company F
H. G. DASHIELL.....	Second Lieutenant Company B
H. W. SMITH.....	Second Lieutenant Company E
S. M. MILLNER, JR.....	Second Lieutenant Company C
M. BROWN.....	Second Lieutenant Company D

Battalion Organization

BATTALION STAFF

H. B. KINGSOLVING, Jr.	Lieutenant Adjutant
E. T. DAVANT	Lieutenant and Quartermaster
W. R. KRAFT	Sergeant Major

CAPTAINS

CO. "A"	CO. "B"	CO. "C"	CO. "D"	CO. "E"	CO. "F"
A. NALLE	L. T. GEROW	J. M. HUNDLEY	V. B. HURST	P. McA. BIEDLER	P. X. ENGLISH

FIRST LIEUTENANTS

J. R. MCREEDY	E. E. RICHARDSON, Jr.	W. S. ROBINSON	R. M. WILSON	M. E. RUEHRMUND	G. R. COLLINS
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SECOND LIEUTENANTS

H. G. DASHIELL	C. M. BRISTER	H. W. SMITH	S. M. MILLNER, Jr.	I. G. WHITE	M. BROWN
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FIRST SERGEANTS

J. HASTIE, Jr.	G. A. SPEER, Jr.	J. L. EWING	A. A. OWEN, Jr.	K. S. PURDEE	J. N. DALTON
----------------	------------------	-------------	-----------------	--------------	--------------

SERGEANTS

A. H. MALSBERGER	F. A. GROVE, Jr.	D. DRENNEN	S. I. HOWARD	W. PARKER	H. TEMPLETON
H. S. JACKSON	T. S. MOSELEY	T. F. WITT	A. D. BROWN	L. S. JULIAN	P. A. MERIAN
E. V. SMITH	F. W. CARTER	C. E. MOORE	W. REED	A. M. SMITH	W. H. MCCORMICK

CORPORALS

F. B. WEBSTER	M. G. PATTERSON	S. H. PECK	S. C. SMITH	W. KELLY	E. J. FRAZER
JAS. McMENAMIN	T. WORTHINGTON, Jr.	H. T. BRYAN, Jr.	C. F. MANSFIELD, Jr.	M. H. KINGMAN	W. R. RATHBONE
G. E. BUSHNELL	H. R. HORDEN	C. CHRISTIAN, Jr.	G. D. PRICE	E. W. McMILLAN	H. A. DARNELL
JNO. McMENAMIN	L. S. GEROW	D. L. COULBOURN	W. E. DILLARD	H. A. MORRILL	J. C. NOWLIN, Jr.
E. B. STROUD	T. S. ADAMS	W. B. BOWLES, Jr.	C. C. JONES	J. K. ANDERSON	W. F. BRAND

THE BOMB



H. B. KINSOLVING, JR.
Adjutant



E. T. DAVANT
Quartermaster



W. R. KRAFT
Sergeant-Major

BATTALION STAFF

H. B. KINSOLVING, JR.....	Lieutenant and Adjutant
E. T. DAVANT.....	Lieutenant and Quartermaster
W. R. KRAFT.....	Sergeant-Major

THE BOMB

Officers Company A



A. NALLE
Captain



J. R. MECREDDY
1st Lieutenant



H. G. DASHTIELL
2d Lieutenant

THE BOMB

Company A

CAPTAIN A. NALLE
 FIRST LIEUTENANT J. M. MECREDDY, JR.
 SECOND LIEUTENANT H. G. DASHIELL
 FIRST SERGEANT J. HASTIE, JR.
 SERGEANT A. H. MALSBERGER
 SERGEANT H. S. JACKSON
 SERGEANT E. V. SMITH
 CORPORAL F. B. WEBSTER
 CORPORAL G. E. BUSHNELL
 CORPORAL JAS. MCMINAMEN
 CORPORAL JNO. MCMINAMEN
 CORPORAL E. B. STROUD



MISS MARY NALLE
 Sponsor

PRIVATES

BLACKMORE
 BOGGESS

BUESCHER
 BURT

BROWN, F.

CLARKSON

CRANE

DAWES

DICKINS

DILLARD, A.

DOUGLAS
 EVANS

EWING, J.

HEATH

HOWARD

JENNINGS, C.

KREBS

LARKIN

MCCORMICK, J.

MCCORMICK, L.

MOORE, L.

MCCABE

OWEN, W. O.

PATTON

POAGUE

POINDEXTER

PRENTISS

RICE

RANDOLPH

ROYALL

SCHENCK, H.

SCHILLIG

SCHUMAKER

STEVENSON

SUTHERLAND

SMITH, T.

THROCKMORTON

WALKER

WADDEY

ZOLLMAN

THE BOMB

Officers Company B



L. T. GEROW
Captain



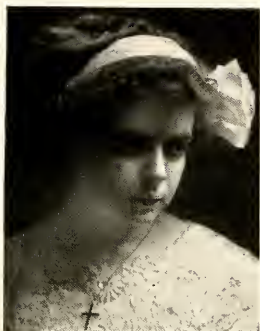
E. E. RICHARDSON
1st Lieutenant



C. M. BRISTER
2d Lieutenant

THE BOMB

Company B



MISS FANNY YATES
Sponsor

CAPTAIN L. T. GEROW
FIRST LIEUTENANT E. E. RICHARDSON
SECOND LIEUTENANT C. M. BRISTER, JR.
FIRST SERGEANT G. A. SPEER, JR.
SERGEANT F. A. GROVE, JR.
SERGEANT F. W. CARTER
SERGEANT E. C. OUTTEN
CORPORAL M. G. PATTERSON
CORPORAL T. WORTHINGTON, JR.
CORPORAL H. R. HORBERN
CORPORAL J. L. RICHEY
CORPORAL L. S. GEROW

PRIVATES

ADAMS, T.		JOHNSTON, F.
AMORY, T.		JONES, Q.
BURRUS		KELLY, R.
BURRUS		KEITH, L.
CAMPBELL, S.		McKINNEY
CHRISTIAN, A.		MILAM
CROCKETT		MILLER, C.
CRESSWELL		MINNEGERODE
CUTCHINS		MUNGER
DODD		NASON
DUFFY		NICHOLS
GOODYEAR		OWEN, W.
GRADY		REARDON
GRAVES		REMBERT
HAGAN		RENTZ
HARR		RISER
HUGHES	SUTTON	
JARMEN	WEST	
YANCEY, T.		

THE BOMB

Officers Company C



J. M. HUNDLEY
Captain



W. S. ROBINSON
1st Lieutenant



H. W. SMITH
2d Lieutenant



Company C



MISS JULIA HUNDLEY
Sponsor

CAPTAIN J. M. HUNDLEY
FIRST LIEUTENANT W. S. ROBINSON
SECOND LIEUTENANT H. W. SMITH
FIRST SERGEANT J. L. EWING
SERGEANT D. DRENNEN
SERGEANT C. C. MOORE
SERGEANT T. F. WITT
CORPORAL S. H. PECK
CORPORAL H. T. BRYAN, JR.
CORPORAL C. CHRISTIAN, JR.
CORPORAL D. L. COULBOURN
CORPORAL W. B. BOWLES, JR.

PRIVATES

AMERINE		GOODMAN
ASHBY		HARRIS
BURLESTON		HAYNES
BOYKIN		INGRAM
BROWN, W. C.		JAMISON
BRABSON		JOHNSON, A.
CHRISTIAN, J.		KRENTEL
CLARKE, C.		KNIGHT, R.
EASTHAM		LYNCH
EDWARDS	LEECH	
LAUTERBACH		PORTER
LOTH, M.		RAWLS
LOTH, W.		ROUSE
MARTIN		SATTERFIELD
MEEM		SMITH, J.
MCWHORTER		TRINKLE
NASH		WARNER, J.
OWEN, E. I.		WARNER, G.
PHILLIPS		WALBACH
POWELL, J. H.		WELSH

THE BOMB

Officers Company D



V. B. HIRST
Captain



R. M. WILSON
1st Lieutenant



S. M. MILLNER
2d Lieutenant



Company D



Miss Eloise Hirst
Sponsor

CAPTAIN V. B. HIRST
FIRST LIEUTENANT R. M. WILSON
SECOND LIEUTENANT S. M. MILLNER, JR.
FIRST SERGEANT A. A. OWEN, JR.
SERGEANT S. L. HOWARD
SERGEANT A. D. BROWN
SERGEANT W. REED
CORPORAL C. SMITH
CORPORAL C. F. MANSFIELD
CORPORAL G. D. PRICE
CORPORAL W. E. DILLARD
CORPORAL C. JONES

PRIVATEs

ALSTON		COLE
ANDERSON, J.		CONQUEST
ARMSTRONG		CUNNINGHAM
AMORY, G.		DAVISON
BALDWIN, J.		DILLEY
BARGER		DISHMAN
BLOMQUIST		DRAKE
BLUNDON		DUFF
BROOKS		ELY
BRANDT	FLANNAGAN	
CARSON	GETZEN	
CHILDS	HALSELL	
		MCGEE, R.
		METCALFE
		MOORE
HERRING		MORRISETTE
JAMES		MUNDY
KEITH		OWENS
KIBLER		ROBERTSON
KIMBALL		SHOTWELL
LEE		THOMPSON, R.
LOOK		WHITWORTH
MANN		WILSON, F.
MCLEAN		
MCLEARY		
MCGEE C.		

THE BOMB

Officers Company C



P. McA. BIEDLER
Captain



M. E. REHRMUND
1st Lieutenant



I. G. WHITE
2d Lieutenant



Company E

CAPTAIN P. McA. BIEDLER
 FIRST LIEUTENANT M. E. RUEHRMUND
 SECOND LIEUTENANT I. G. WHITE
 FIRST SERGEANT K. S. PURDIE
 SERGEANT W. PARKER
 SERGEANT L. S. JULIAN
 SERGEANT A. M. SMITH
 CORPORAL W. KELLY
 CORPORAL M. H. KINGMAN
 CORPORAL E. W. McMILLIN
 CORPORAL H. A. MURRILL
 CORPORAL J. K. ANDERSON



MISS RUTH BURACKER
 Sponsor

PRIVATES

BELL, C.		FENNO
BURTON		FLETCHER
CAMPBELL, E.		GALT
CARSON, P.		GELZER
CLARK, B.	JOHNSON, W.	
CRITTENDEN	JONES, P.	
EASLEY, C.	KING	
ENGLEDOVE	KIRKPATRICK	
FAY	LANCER	
LANDAU		ROHRBOUGH
LEE, S.		ROLLER
MARSHALL		ROOT
MILES		SCOTT
MUNCE		SPRINGS
MORTON		STONE
NOWLIN, P.	TARDY	
PERKINSON	THOMPSON, A. E.	
	WOOLLES	

THE BOMB

Officers Company F



P. X. ENGLISH
Captain



G. R. COLLINS
1st Lieutenant



M. BROWN
2d Lieutenant



Company F



MISS CLAUDIA MAYER
Sponsor

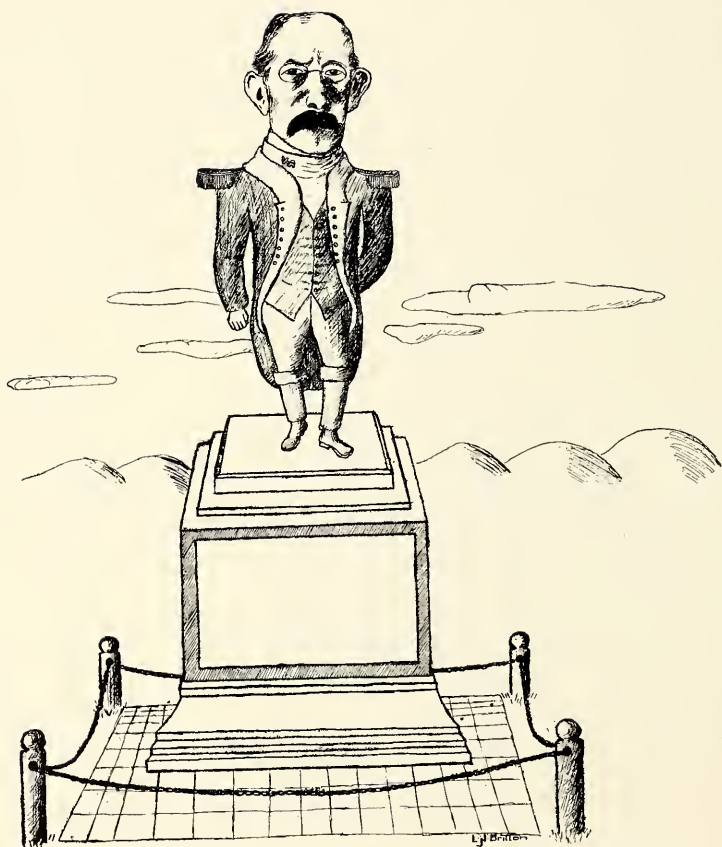
CAPTAIN P. X. ENGLISH
FIRST LIEUTENANT G. R. COLLINS
SECOND LIEUTENANT M. BROWN
FIRST SERGEANT J. N. DALTON
SERGEANT R. M. LONG
SERGEANT P. A. MERIAN
SERGEANT W. H. MCCORMICK
CORPORAL W. F. BRAND
CORPORAL E. J. FRAZER
CORPORAL B. H. HARDAWAY
CORPORAL J. C. NOWLIN
CORPORAL A. A. ADAMS

PRIVATES

ALLEN
AVERILL
BARKSDALE
BRADFORD
CAMP, V.
CLEMENT
CLOPTON
COBURN
COLLIER
COULBOURNE
KARST
KEEZELL
KIDD
KUYKENDALL
MITCHELL, A.
MITCHELL, R.
MERRY
POWELL
OVERTON
RANSON

DARNELL
DICKSON
ECHOLS
GAYLE
GITTINGS
GUTIERREZ
JENNINGS, J.
JORDAN
JOHNSON
KANE
RICHARDS
SMITH, M.
SMITH, R.
SIDDLE
STROH
SHUFELDT
TEMPLETON
WARNER, R.
WILLIAMS
WILTSHIRE

YOUELL





The Statue

A landscape artist of repute
Backed into Lexington one day,
To beautify the Institute
And fix it up in every way.

The Sup'intendent showed him 'round,
The Faculty brought up the rear;
He scanned with care the Pee-rade ground
And various shacks, both far and near.

He planted fountains everywhere
And did what goes to make things grand;
In beautifying he was there,
But swapped things 'round to beat the band.

The front of barracks caught his eye,
And here, he said, a change we'll make
Which we must fix and not pass by
For future generation's sake.

Then after pacing up and down,
He turned and made a sudden halt,
And drew himself up with a frown,
And said, that statue is at fault.

An idea struck him in the head
And brightened up his face:
Just take George down and put, he said,
Old Nick up in his place.

L. N. B.

THE BOMB

The Practice March to Staunton



THE practice march! Weeks of preparation—"pup" tent drills, wall tent drills, drills in blanket rolls, haversacks, canteens; drills in advance guard and rear guard—and then weeks of expectancy, accompanied by a little dread. The marvelous things we were going to do! We were going to break all previous records in putting up "pup" tents; we were going to march all day without any thought of fatigue—why, the very idea of such a thing, as much as we've drilled, to get tired on a little fifteen-mile jaunt—ridiculous!

The ninth of May finally arrived, however; an ideal day, clear and cool. Reveille at 5.35; breakfast at six, and assembly for the beginning of the great event at 7.15. The battalion was formed in front of barracks in heavy marching order, shelter tents going to "A" and "B" companies, and then marched



to the parade ground. We left the parade ground at 7.30, 'mid the cheers of the Lexington populace and cheered on by the soul-stirring(?) strains of the Institute Band, and formed advance and rear guard on the East Lexington road. And then began the never-ending grind! Miles and miles of never-changing red clay roads, tons and tons of rifle, haversack, and blanket roll, insatiable thirst, un-

bearable heat.

The clods in the road assumed enormous proportions; one would take three steps to walk around a clod rather than lift his foot two inches. The halts were tantalizing instead of restful. You'd find a nice, cool, shady spot, take off all the encumbering burdens, settle down for a good rest, and by the time you would get "right"—"You men get in ranks."

Oh, memories of the first day's march! All went well the first hour; everybody fresh and happy. By the end of the second, heads drooped a little, rifles were changed from one shoulder to the other more frequently, and

THE BOMB

hardly a sound could be heard the length of the battalion. After the second hour, no memories remain. Simply endless weary plodding, each man sustained by his determination not to fall out. During the fourth hour's march, every farmer who passed on the road was questioned as to the distance to Fairfield, where we were to camp the first night. Judging from the replies,



the farmers through that section have very little idea of distance. One would say, "Oh, 'bout two mile and a half;" the next, "'Bout three mile," and another, "Two mile and a half." Considering the fact that these replies



were at quarter or half hour intervals, it was discouraging to say the least. One "keydet," after having received the same reply three times in succession, sighed and said, "Well, thank God, we're holding our own." One old farmer,

THE BOMB

on being asked the all-important question, replied, "Oh, it's 'bout a sight and a half." "A sight and a half! Well, how far is that?" "A sight's as far as you kin see on a clear day." Which, when we take into consideration that from the top of a hill one can see several miles and from the bottom only a few hundred yards, may be said to be *quite* indefinite.

It remained for a rat, however, to express the sentiment of the corps during the last hour. This particular "mister" was winding his weary way 'mid the infestering clods with very little show of animation. Some old cadet, noticing his plainly evident weariness, and thinking, perhaps, to cheer him up, turned and said, "Well, Mr. —, how are you feeling?" And Mr. —, without raising his head, replied, "Sir, I feel like the last few moments of a misspent life." And so said we all of us!

But Fairfield came at last. And the labor of putting up tents was more than counterbalanced by the joy of stretching out on the hard ground in



utter relaxation. In spite of the pleasure of resting, however, the pleasure of eating was still more to be desired, so first call for dinner was greeted with every symptom of delight. Never before nor since has a meal tasted quite as good. Seated on the ground, coffee in a tin cup by one's side, all other

THE BOMB

articles on the tin dish in front—who would have exchanged that appetite and that “grub” for luxury?

All the rest of the evening was turned over to the corps to do as they pleased. Many and varied were the amusements. *Several* slept; the two “emporiums” were left bare of postal cards, fruit and candy, baseball on the schoolhouse lot, the Fairfield “calic” had more beaux than they had ever hoped for, even in their fondest dreams; a street carnival was held by the cadets, while many, who regarded their funds as insufficient, started various games into which they “initiated the uninitiated.”



Taps—and sweet dreams. Lovely dreams, those! For that night it turned cold. Two inches of hay between you and Mother Earth, one blanket to shield you from the cold, intense cold for May, and a nice little “pup” tent, open at one end, and only six inches too short, to keep off the dew. Little do the men who slept in the wall tents know how blessed they were that first night. One would wake

up about every half hour to find that in some inexplicable way he had slid halfway out into the company street, leaving blanket, hay and everything else behind. There was nothing to do but cuss, get up, and wrap up once more in the blanket, go back to sleep and—wake up again to find that the same performance had to be repeated.

And the joy of waking up the next morning! Stiff, sore from sleeping on the hard ground, every muscle seemed determined to see how unruly it could be and how uncomfortable it could make you. But breakfast and a little exercise soon removed all the kinks and we were ready for another day's march. But there still remained the problem of taking



down the tents, particularly the “pup” tents, for how to get these down and rolled up was indeed a problem. The frost of the night before had turned

THE BOMB

the canvas halves into sheets of cast iron, apparently, for it took at least three men to bend one enough to roll it. The task was at last accomplished, however, and—we're off for Greenville!

As soon as the stiffness caused by the unusual exertions of the day before had worn off, the old, by now, feeling of weariness began to wear on. "There's nothing new under the sun," as the saying has it, and there was surely nothing new about the second day's march, or any other day's, in fact, save that we were to stop at a different place. One incident, alone, saves this day's march from being absolutely commonplace. Scene I. A certain "keydet," on advance guard, while pursuing his way along the endless(?) road, was confronted by a vision of beauty, arrayed in rural costume. The beauty, or at least the vision, was enhanced a thousand times by the entirely real aspect of



the brimming pitcher of milk in her hand. Inviting, cool, everything to be desired did that milk appear. What cared he for ranks? Within the minute he was attempting to drink the milk and thank the vision at the same time. And she, pleased, no doubt by his eagerness and apparent thirst, careless of her favors, insisted on filling his canteen.

Scene II. The same "keydet," the same road—only different—the same old weariness. But he was sustained this time by the thought of that canteen full of glorious milk by his side.

Scene III. The halt. The "keydet," eagerly stripping off his burdens, sat down hurriedly and raised the canteen to his lips for one long, cool draught. But it came down quicker than it had gone up, and the "keydet" with a wry face exclaimed, "Aw hell! It's turned to *butter*!"

The ladies of Greenville were awaiting us with a "strawberry festival." Everything good to eat and anything calculated to separate the "coin" and the "keydet" were served. Needless to say, a goodly quantity of coin was separated; also, needless to say, the condition of several cadets for the next day's march was not the best. But that march was, however, accomplished, for Staunton—and with Staunton, visions of a square meal and a bed were associated—was our objective. And, tired as we were after a thirteen-mile

THE BOMB

march, no one objected when the battalion was called to attention and marched through the streets of Staunton to the music of the Stonewall Band.

Camp being pitched, the battalion was allowed to run wild until two o'clock that night. Those who were lucky enough to receive bids, attended the dance at Stuart Hall; the others attended to everything but their own business. Moving-picture shows, "cal-ics," the street carnival, pool rooms, and last, but by *no* means least, Cohen's restaurant—all these formed sources of amusement and pleasure to the starved, literally and figuratively, cadets. Some of the "hard boys," filled with good spirit and spirits, attempted to capture the barracks of the Staunton Military Institute, but were received so pleasantly by the Officer of the Day—who even offered them the drum and a few other articles in the guard room—that they turned away in disgust, after firing a few volleys of empty bottles.



And the next day it rained! For whenever and wherever the corps goes on a trip, the rain is sure to come. It brought us luck this time, however, for we were scheduled to appear as prize performers in the Memorial Day parade, which the rain rendered impossible. A whole day of loafing, after days and weeks, it seemed, of *very* strenuous work. As a result of this day of loafing, much energy was stored away, which was



bound to free itself at one time or another. And free itself it did, with the street carnival as chief sufferer. This particular carnival was holding forth on the outskirts of Staunton, not very far from camp. They should have known better than to have placed it in any such position, for about the hour of 8 p. m. there came a horde of savages, sometimes known as the corps of cadets of

THE BOMB

the Virginia Military Institute, and took complete possession. Merry-go-rounds, ferris wheels, animal shows, minstrel shows, shooting galleries, "hit the nigger and you get a segar"—all contributed "freely" to the pleasure of the cadets, and continued to contribute until everybody, tired and desiring rest for the next day's toil, returned to camp. Many and varied were the accounts of this episode in the yellow journals. We were credited with everything from tearing up the carnival to killing six or eight showmen because they didn't play to suit us.

Next morning, bright and early, we left camp, to the strains of "If you want to go to Lexington, just come along with me." The two days of feasting and joyous living had played havoc with our marching abilities, and



almost the same feelings that the first day's march occasioned were experienced. But, in order that we might not have as much trouble on the next day, the ladies of Middlebrooke had arranged a church festival, where one might exchange the heavy, tiresome silver for anything edible that he desired. And, with the exception of a few of the "hard boys," who were willing to carry their burden another day's march to exchange it for the products of Brownsburg, the ladies and the church got everything that had escaped Staunton. One might add, also, that nothing edible remained, but that would be unnecessary.

We had been enjoying fairly decent weather up to this point, but at Middlebrooke it turned *cold*. Gray shirts don't afford the best protection from the cold, so blankets were immediately pressed into service as overcoats. These blankets were worn V. M. I. fashion—belt around the waist, skirt part

THE BOMB

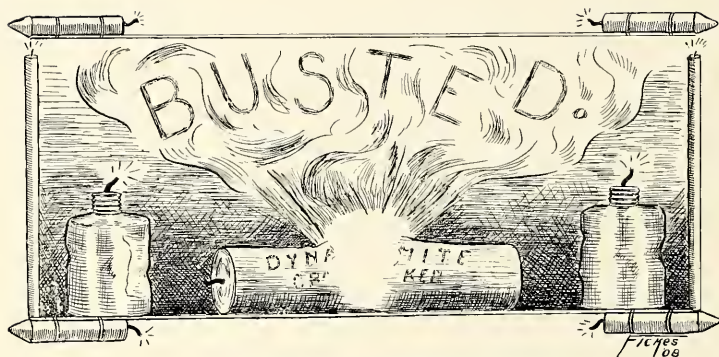
draped so as to hang around the shoe tops, and the rest arranged gracefully around the shoulders. Gray blankets, pink blankets, red blankets, blue blankets, blankets of every conceivable color and design, the battalion resembled a bunch of Indian squaws. But they were worn for comfort, not looks, and the experiment was highly successful.



Next stop Brownsburg, the home of "white lightning." For here is distilled a colorless product with such abilities that it is guaranteed to make a man "climb trees and run rabbits." One "keydet," however, departing from the usual custom, attempted to climb a tent pole, with disastrous results to the tent. Everything of this kind was forgotten the next morning, though, when we broke camp for the last time, and started on the last lap. For this day's march was to bring us to Lexington! Little weariness was shown now. Thoughts of a *bed* crowded fatigue from the mind, and it was with springy step that we marched up the road on the parapet.

The joy of that last halt and of that "Dismissed"! Tired, footsore no longer, for the practice march was at an end, and we had proven ourselves capable in practice as well as in theory.

THE BOMB



"THE HAS BEENS"

JACKSON
BLACKMORE
WALKER
KEITH, L.
LONG
TEMPLETON
NASH
BROWN, F.

STUCKY
DARNELL
KARST
RICHIE
COULBOURN
McCABE
THOMPSON
ADAMS, T.



SUMMER SCHOOL.



ISTASTEFUL as the idea of losing any of the short summer furlough seems, the Rockbridge Alum Springs, according to any of the Summer School cadets, afforded not so bad a substitute for home in August, 1910. As the management's literature sets forth, and as every one who has been there knows, nature has richly bestowed her beauties upon wooded hills wherein the colony nestles, and its lovely scenery, far-famed social gayety and healing waters combined in a bygone day to attract thither Southern beaux and beauties without number. The Rockbridge Alum Springs left nothing to be desired as a summer resort in the generation of our fathers, and to one familiar with its history, there appears ample foundation of fact for the fabulous tales of former prestige still told by old-time patrons.

Its record of past greatness held little charm, however, for the cadets who formed the summer corps. The time left vacant by their studies was occupied by the most modern attractions the Springs could offer. The swimming pool was usually crowded, and the tennis court, despite its poor claims to its title, was a fairly popular place. Sometimes a cross-country walk occupied an afternoon, and on such occasions the hope of desperate conflict with one of the puny rattlesnakes which infest the locality added a keen zest to the mountain by-paths.

The bridge fiends held forth in the hotel parlors after supper, while the devotees of set-back and "koon-kan" practiced their orgies on the piazza of the "St. Regis;" the St. Regis was the name bestowed by the cadets upon the quarters assigned to them.

All these diversions paled, though, when nine o'clock came and the doors of the dancing room were thrown open for the nightly hop. There were lots of calics at the Springs, the music was excellent, the floor not bad—no wonder the cadets welcomed each evening. The Rockbridge Alum Springs'

THE BOMB

hops were famed throughout the mountains, and often guests from nearby resorts came to enjoy them. Late in August the Summer School gave a german which, in its brilliancy, recalled the affairs once so familiar to the Alum.



Memory might wander indefinitely among the happenings of the school. One will never forget the tonsorial artist who displayed his skill to such advantage on the luckless pate of a newly-fledged third classman convicted of being too popular with the ladies. Neither might one forget the female wrath poured out on the Summer School in consequence of the episode. The swimming holds a firm place in memory, not because it showed so boldly modern against the antiquity of its surroundings, but because it was the birthplace of the "bocat" parade, a ceremony which will ever appeal to those who have once participated in its mystic rites.

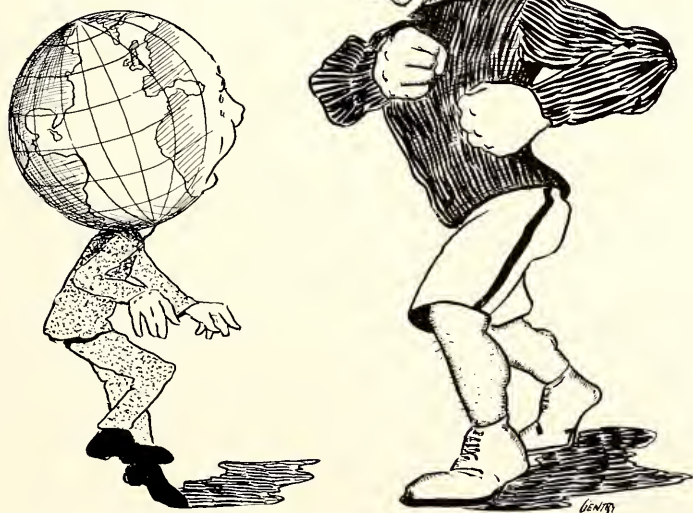
When the endless eggs and chicken of the hotel menu palled, one could stimulate a wearied appetite by a two-mile walk across the hills to the cabin of Mrs. Pat-

terson, and there sated on the rustic delicacies beneath which her table groaned. The Alum Bank offered gastronomic delights on occasion; toasted marshmallows were never more palatable than when prepared on its summit. From there, too, the eye could be feasted on the hotel and its satellite cottages bathed in silvery moonlight far below.

With the variety of mitigating pleasures, the academic work of the month presented few difficulties, although in a brief four weeks the work of a whole year was reviewed. The mornings were devoted to recitations, and a part of each afternoon was set apart for study. These hours of work past, the remaining ones were crowded with whatever appealing recreation offered itself first. Perhaps this combination of labor and pleasure accounts for the success of the school.

Upon the proportions in which he united these two elements of labor and pleasure depends the amount of good each individual derived from the month. Whatever the benefit, from a purely academic viewpoint, it can safely be written as the opinion of every cadet enrolled that the Summer School at "The Alum" lingers as a most pleasant memory.

ATHELETICS



Athletics



THE highest type of military school embraces a number of activities and pursuits, and no cadet should feel satisfied until he has given the best there is in him to each. To the Y. M. C. A. we have consigned our spiritual life, to the instructors our mental life, to our officers our military life, and to the various branches of athletics our physical education.

Passing over the first three pursuits, let us look for a few minutes at the development of the college athlete. No class of men have a clearer conception of the obligation of physical development than college men. For this reason, love of their college, and sheer pleasure gained from muscular activity, men will work a season to play in one game. On the athletic field the dictates of fair play tend to ingrain in him the habits of cleanness and justice. The habit of making quick decisions and acting on them in a contest against equals, gives a man that quality which will be of inestimable value to him in his struggle against the world. The college athlete gains something different from the ordinary man; something the ordinary man lacks and can get in no other way.

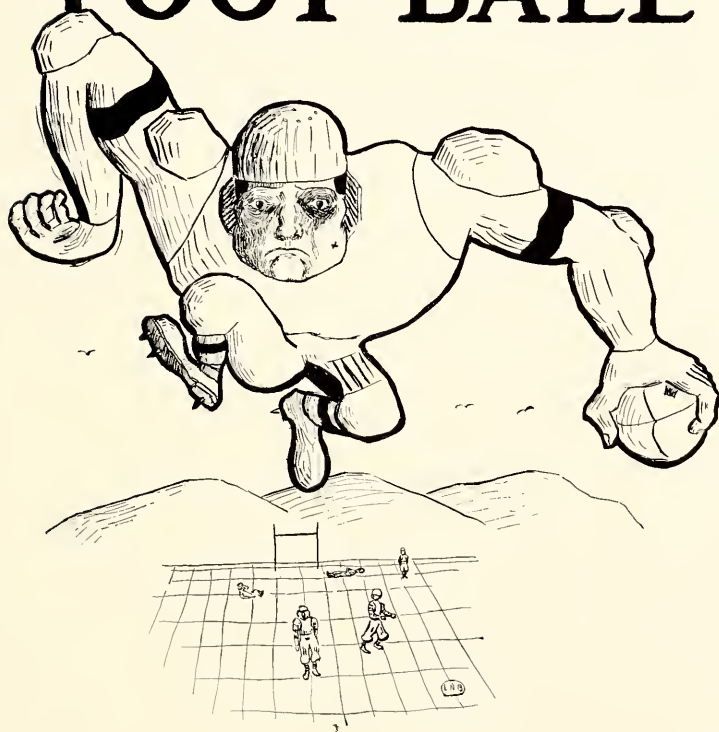
Look back over the season of 1910-11; can anyone say we have not had a successful one? Laboring under the difficulties of insufficient time in which to practice, and scarcity of funds, V. M. I. has shown that fighting spirit that has made her famous, and left behind an athletic record of which she may well be proud.

Can any other school, except possibly West Point or Annapolis, say their teams have a bare hour in which to practice, and that no favoritism is shown the man who goes out on the field and works with all his might in that scanty time in order that his Alma Mater may stand first in the ranks of college athletics?

At V. M. I. the motto of the authorities is: "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," and so spare time from studies and military pursuits is at a premium there. Recalled from the field by the first call of drill, the cadet must come in, bathe, dress, and be in place in ten minutes to take part in an hour's gruelling drill. No lounging hours and rests for him, no matter how sore or tired. On the field his weariness vanishes when he hears the cry of the corps for him to do his best—fight until the end with the same grit and perseverance his predecessors have shown. No words of praise can be sufficient to pay tribute to the V. M. I. athlete.

Athletics at V. M. I. are maintaining laudably their determination not to encroach upon the time due to other pursuits. With the yells equal in defeat and victory, and the fighting spirit, that never knows defeat, uppermost, V. M. I. will, as always before, be known as a worthy opponent.

FOOT-BALL



THE BOMB

The Football Season of 1910

By Major R. Barclay Poague

The football season of 1910 is now a matter of history—not the kind of history that is written in ink and bound in volumes, but that more primitive kind that is handed down by word of mouth from class to class, and is retold at many a gathering of Alumni who have witnessed or have participated in the stirring games that have taken place.

It is hoped that the time which has elapsed between the close of the past season and the present will enable us to see occurrences in their true perspective, and will give us a proper appreciation of relative values.

At the outset the writer begs to disclaim any expert knowledge of that most complex of games, football. In fact his only qualifications are his deep interest in the game, and the fact that he has followed V. M. I. teams as an eye-witness almost without interruption since the beginning of the present style of game at V. M. I.

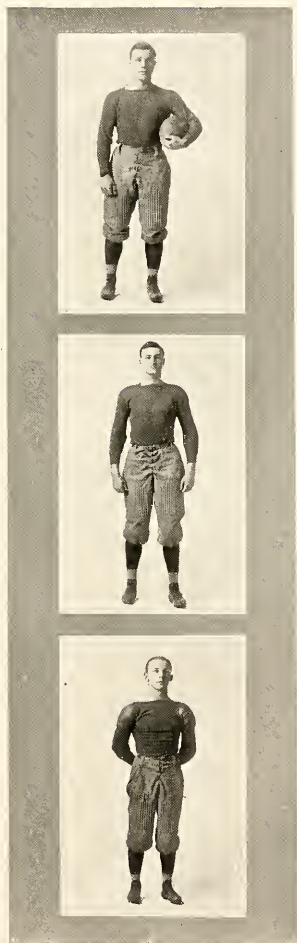
The writer's interest in football is based on the belief that the game tends to develop in a decided way the fundamental qualities that go to make a man. The word man is used as the equivalent of the old Roman *vir*, not *homo*. The game of football, in one form or another, is almost as old as the race itself. It is recorded that our Anglo-Saxon forefathers were wont to use as footballs, on the sandy shores of the North Sea, the skulls of their Danish enemies, who were slain in battle. Football, as a manly sport, takes rank with boxing as one of the historic sports of the English-speaking race, and as long as good, red blood flows in our veins, so long will these pastimes flourish. In no way are the characteristics of a race shown more clearly than in their national sports, and the fact that football has taken such a prominent part among the pastimes of a world-conquering race, entitles the game to careful consideration by those overcivilized persons who clamor for its abolishment.

In the writer's opinion the game makes for quickness and strength of body, combined with rapid and accurate thinking. In this connection it is well to remember the remark made by the great Wellington,



W. C. GLOTH
Coach

THE BOMB



that the battle of Waterloo was won on the football fields of Eton.

The football season of 1910 opened with prospects which were not the brightest. Five places in the line-up were vacant, including both ends, one tackle, quarter, one half-back, and full-back. Later on we had to develop a new center, and another half-back, making seven new men in all. Coach Gloth, however, got to work with a rush, and the game with the University of North Carolina found us with a team in the field that was powerful in defensive work and fair on offense. After a grueling game, played in intensely hot weather, the Tar Heels managed to win out on a fluke in the last minute of play. This game was marred by an accident, Youell, a most promising end, having his shoulder blade broken.

The next game, on October 8th, with the Norfolk Blues, was played on a slippery field in a downpour of rain, which rendered our quick plays ineffective. The Blues managed to hold us to a 0-0 tie, though continually on the defensive. In this game we met with a great loss, as Moseley, our star half, wrenched his knee, and was kept out of the game for the remainder of the season.

On October 15th we came back with a rush, and overwhelmed William and Mary, which team had previously held Virginia to a score of 11-0.

Virginia, upon hearing of this game, sat up and took notice, and put forth such strenuous efforts that they were more than ready for us on the appointed day, defeating us by the score of 29-0. In justice to our team it must be said that they did not play their best game in the first half, and the second half, with its score of 6-0, more clearly indicates the relative merits of the two teams. The defensive work of Moore was one of the redeeming features of our play, this sterling full-back stopping many of Virginia's plays.

We next tackled our old rival, St. Johns, of Annapolis, and took them into camp to the tune of 22-0. It was about this time that our team began to strike their stride, and the whole bunch put up a good exhibition. Great credit is due to Coach Gloth for his clever method of breaking up St. Johns' line plays. He had witnessed the Virginia-St. Johns game, and had seen St. Johns carry the ball to Virginia's three-yard

THE BOMB



line by a series of line plays. Gloth diagnosed the situation and evolved a special defense, which rendered St. Johns' attack powerless.

We next went up against Maryland Agricultural College, a team which had won every game to date, and which was heralded as one of the best ever. Again Gloth showed that clever head work, which had won him the captaincy of his team at Virginia, and has since won him a prominent place at the Virginia bar. He changed the famous Carlisle fake kick to suit his own team, and the play worked like a charm. This play, ably executed by Moore and Kinsolving, placed the ball on Maryland's ten-yard line, and we had them beaten; and this, too, in spite of the fact that competent observers declared Maryland's ends to be the best that faced us during the whole season. Moore's low, accurate punting was a feature, as was the work of the tackles and ends in getting down under kicks. In fact the whole team worked with machine-like precision, and it is hard to decide which of the team deserved the most praise.

On November 18th, we journeyed to Washington for our last game of the season, to the accompaniment of dire predictions as to the fate that was in store for us. Billy Gloth was advised of all the awful things that Georgetown was preparing to do to us, but that wily old strategist and his resolute team kept quiet and laid their plans. The day of the game dawned bright and cold, an ideal day for football. The picture of the team taken just before the game is interesting, showing as solemn and determined a looking bunch of athletes as ever got together. Georgetown started off with a rush and scored a touchdown in thirty seconds of play on a quick-opening play. Things looked blue for V. M. I., and the spectators began to estimate the probable score all the way from 50 to 100 points. But about this time V. M. I. got mad, and the game that followed will long be remembered by all loyal sons of the old school. Georgetown started off with the ball, but were unable to make headway, and seemed to be bewildered by the fierce tackling which they received. Then V. M. I. got the ball and electrified the crowd by some beautiful offensive work. Time after time Moore, Kinsolving or Leech would pull off the fake kick for good gains, with Dashiell and Owen helping with the

THE BOMB



tackle around play. Several forward passes were executed successfully. Finally V. M. I. got the ball on Georgetown's forty-yard line, and began a march towards the goal. The events that followed are not perfectly clear in this scribe's mind, but he recalls seeing Leech, that sturdy young son of Rockbridge, go through the Georgetown line for five yards and a touchdown—the first and only one to be scored against Georgetown by a Southern team during the season. Georgetown then became desperate and began sending in various drop-kicks in an effort to land a field goal. Finally Walsh managed to get one over and the score was 9-6. During the remainder of the game honors were about even, Georgetown sending in numerous fresh men against V. M. I.'s original eleven, who played through the entire game. Finally, weight and numbers began to tell, and about one minute before the close of play, Dunn, the giant full-back, went over V. M. I.'s goal line, making the score 14-6. Thus closed one of the greatest games ever played by a V. M. I. team, and the season of 1910 was over.

Better teams may have represented V. M. I. in the past, but certainly there was never one more fully imbued with the old V. M. I. fighting spirit. That spirit which was in evidence at New Market and has been handed down in undiminished intensity to the present day. And then for real efficiency the writer believes this team stands without a superior. By efficiency is meant the ratio of accomplished results to possible results.

We next come to a consideration of the individual members of the team.

Dashiell, as captain and tackle, was selected by Dr. Lambeth, the foremost authority, for a place on the all-South Atlantic eleven. Of massive physique, unusual quickness, and bulldog tenacity he deserves a place in the hall of fame along with such V. M. I. men as the elder Biscoe, Poindexter, "Eph" Rice, and Branch Johnson.

Dashiell had a fit companion in Owen, who held down the other tackle. Big and strong as he is Owen developed unusual speed for a lineman, and this pair of tackles were always down the field on kicks, often ahead of the ends.

THE BOMB



As guards English and Dalton were a well-matched pair. English, standing over six feet and weighing close to one hundred and seventy-five pounds, played his usual consistent game, and added to his reputation of former years. Dalton, weighing close to two hundred and twenty-five, and remarkably fast for a man of his weight, was a veritable tower of strength on the defensive.

Brister, at center, played a hard, aggressive game, and was in every play, following the ball wonderfully well. We was especially strong in tackling, often stopping end runs as well as line plays.

At end we used a number of men. Youell, a new man, who showed up remarkably well, was injured in the first game and was out of it for the rest of the season. He will be a most valuable man, as he adds accurate drop-kicking to his other accomplishments. Karst and McCreedy were the regular ends, and were both valuable men. Karst, tall and strong and of an ideal build, was one of the best ends we have had in some years. McCreedy, slight of build and delicate in appearance, was a wonder. His strength was far beyond indications, but his most valuable quality was his knowledge of the game and his ability to diagnose the opponents' plays. Richie was a good end, but was unable to finish the season on account of injuries.

In the back field Moore, Kinsolving, Patterson, Witt, and Leech were our mainstays. Moseley, our star half of former years, was able to play only two games, being injured in the second game. His loss was severely felt. Moore was the bright, particular star behind the line this year. Considering the fact that this was his first real effort at football his work was little short of wonderful. It fell to his lot to do most of the punting, and he developed into a first-class punter, sending long, low spirals that were difficult to handle, and which often went over the heads of the opposing backs. His work both on offense and on defense was of a high order, and he richly deserves the honor bestowed on him by his team mates, the captaincy of next year's team.

Kinsolving, who started out as quarter, was unable to handle punts well, and was tried at half, where he made good with a vengeance. His tackling was savage and he carried the ball well, especially on end runs from kick formation.

THE BOMB

Patterson, who was a substitute lineman last year, rapidly developed into a good man at full. His touchdown through the M. A. C. line will not soon be forgotten. Patterson unfortunately developed rheumatism, and was unable to play in the last game.

Leech, a fourth classman, developed slowly as a half, but his work in the last few games was good, and he wound up brilliantly, scoring the touchdown against Georgetown.

Last but not least, except in size, comes little Witt at quarter. Witt, weighing only one hundred and twelve pounds, was a wonder. He ran his team well, tackled and caught punts like a veteran, and most remarkable of all was never knocked out for even a minute during the entire season.

This review of the work of individuals would not be complete without a reference to Mr. Gloth, our coach. His football knowledge and coaching ability are too well known to be mentioned here. His love for this school, his gentlemanly bearing and tactful handling of his men have won him the esteem and affection of the whole corps. This was testified in some small measure by the silver loving cup which was presented to Mr. Gloth by the corps.

In conclusion the writer wishes to call attention to some conditions in athletics which he believes can and will be remedied. First, there has been during the past few years a lack of material to form a strong scrub team. There were a number of men in barracks this year who would have greatly strengthened the scrubs had they come out, and many of them would have had good chances for the varsity. We will never reach our proper place in athletics until every man who has the physical ability to play football feels that it is his duty to help the team in every way possible.

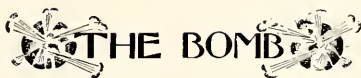
And, then, football, to do the greatest good, should be played by the majority of cadets. This would not only help the individuals, but would largely strengthen the team. It is hoped that provision can be made in the near future for an athletic field, which will provide facilities for every man in the corps who desires to play football to do so.



W. S. ROBINSON, Manager



THE VARSITY



Football Team

Captain—H. G. DASHIELL

Manager—W. S. ROBINSON

Assistant Manager—W. R. KRAFT

Coach—W. C. GLOTH

LINE-UP

Ends—MECKREDY, KARST, YOELE, RICHIE

Tackles—DASHIELL, OWEN

Guards—ENGLISH, DALTON

Centers—BRISTER, WEBSTER

Quarter—WITT

Halves—KINSOLVING, MOORE, MOSELEY

Full-backs—LEECH, PATTISON

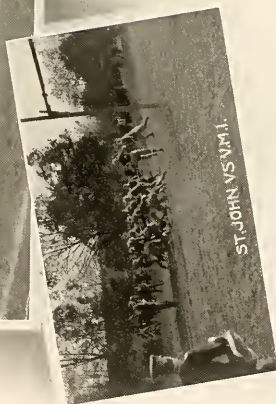
Substitutes—WILSON, R., DAVANT, MERRY, CLARKSON



THE SCRUBS



GEORGETOWN VS. V.M.I.



ST. JOHN VS. V.M.I.



VIRGINIA VS. V.M.I.



OPENING PRACTICE OF THE SEASON



ON THE SIDE LINES



VIRGINIA VS. V.M.I.



SNAKE DANCE

BASE BALL



THE BOMB

Baseball



WHEN the leaves begin to appear on the trees once more, and the sap begins to rise, with it comes the spirit of baseball.

Football, perhaps, holds prominence in point of interest to the "Keydet," but then we have never stopped to give it a fair comparison. Honestly now, on a warm day when you don't have to wear overcoats for comfort, and Finals are looming not far ahead, putting you in the best of humors, what had you rather see than a baseball game on the "Hill"? What had you rather hear than "Heavy" on first hollering "Catch 'em by the heel, Reed!" It makes you want to do the barn dance on the parade ground and cry, "Yell, you rats!" Well, the bats and gloves are unpacked at any rate.

Three men on bases and a three bagger! Some body said it must be "Buts."

They were not far wrong, but it might have been any one of nine men last year. Anyway, the game with our old rivals, V. P. I., was over, and with it the doubtful record of the previous year was obliterated.

We only lost two games during the season, and certainly one can be attributed to an "off day." Davidson, with their long, lanky star of Southern baseball, was batted around mercilessly. Also St. Johns bit the dust just after completing a victory over Virginia. But then we had Moseley, Throckmorton and Robertson to rely on. Everybody was confident when "Tom" was in the box.

This year, however, starting out with the best material of anybody in the State, V. M. I.'s "luck" descended as usual, and now we are face to face with the most serious of predicaments—no pitching staff. Tom Moseley, who was also our captain, is selling Piedmonts in China; Robertson graduated, leaving only Throckmorton, who has been down with fever. And not a rat in sight!

But there is always hope, and last season's history may repeat itself. We have White again to coach, and Owen, the invincible batter, has been elected captain in Moseley's place. Then Moore, Bryan, and Reed are still with us and a swarm of "rats" hustling for jobs.

Our schedule is a good one. We play Virginia for the first time in several years; also, our annual Easter game with V. P. I. is settled. Several Northern colleges, too, will appear for the first time on our diamond.

At all events, we are optimistic enough to think that we will win a majority of the games, for V. M. I. never dies until the "ninth" is finished.

THE BOMB



A. A. OWEN
Captain



W. C. JACKSON
Manager



H. N. WHITE
Coach



BASEBALL TEAM



Baseball Team

Captain, A. A. OWEN

Manager, W. C. JACKSON

Assistant Manager, J. N. DALTON

Coach, H. N. WHITE

LINE-UP

REED, GROVE, Catchers

THROCKMORTON, ELY, LEECH, Pitchers

OWEN, A., First Base

DICKENS, Second Base

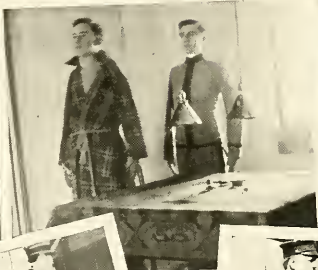
MOORE, C., Shortstop

BRYANT, Third Base

CLARKSON, Left Field

JESSIE, Center Field

SEWELL, Right Field



"FAMILIAR SCENES"





Basket-Ball



HIS year we started our third season in basket-ball, with the hardest schedule before us ever attempted in the brief history of this sport here. With only one of last year's monogram men to form a nucleus for a new team, our prospects could, under no circumstances, be called bright.

In addition to this, all of our early practice was lost, due to the fever furlough. Misfortune has indeed followed our team through the entire season. By an unfortunate combination of circumstances, it was impossible, until the latter part of the season, to obtain a coach. The loss of good men at critical stages, through injury or similar causes, was by no means the least of our hardships.

With only a week in which to prepare for our first game, the squad turned out with a will, each man working hard for a place on the quint. In this time, a team was turned out which gained a victory over Roanoke College by the score of 20 to 8. Next week came St. Johns, our old, familiar rivals, and to them we succumbed 33 to 11, after a hard fight against a superior and better coached team.

The night before the Maryland Agricultural College game, our coach, Mr. Mitchell, of Baltimore, arrived. Notwithstanding the benefits every one derived from his coaching that night, the final score stood, M. A. C., 17; V. M. I., 14.

Virginia, with the best team of recent years, defeated us 35 to 8, while the team, just beginning to find themselves, fought their hardest. Once more the red, white, and yellow floated on high when we vanquished Tennessee a week later 21 to 19, after a close game and a most exciting finish. It remained for the team, practically a new one, because of the loss sustained by the third class trouble, to play their best game of the season against V. P. I. This, the best team in the State, was surprised by the stubborn resistance given them, but took us into camp by the score of 35 to 18.

Immediately after this, our trip, for which every one had worked so hard, was taken. Trinity College gave us our worst defeat of the season, 52 to 17. In justice to the team, it may be said that they were bewildered by the small floor, and, totally unaccustomed to it, did not play up to their standard. On the next night we held Lynchburg Y. M. C. A., on a similar floor, to a more creditable score, 41 to 23. This team, which beat V. P. I. one week before, only ran up such a score by the hardest work.

THE BOMB

The team as a whole did very good work, but there are several men who deserve especial mention. Mecredy, captain, was easily the star man on the team, and the most sensational player. Moore, C., and Leech, both new men at the game, developed wonderfully in our short season and became the mainstays of the team's defense as guards. The two Ewings also showed good form, especially toward the end of the season. Shotwell, although small, showed up well and will probably give some one a hard fight for the team next year. Two other men deserve particular mention here, two who would no doubt have been awarded monograms had they not left the Institute before the season ended. These are John McMenamin and Stroud.

The scrub team deserves more credit than the Varsity. These men worked hard night after night without prospects for glory. To them is due the efficiency of the Varsity.

Taking everything into consideration, the past season was not an unsuccessful one. Composed, with one exception of new men, the team did remarkably well. Fighting every second of play, these men made up in spirit what they lacked in knowledge of the game. Although we won only two games, every one of our opponents will acknowledge we played hard.

Next year's prospects, however, are more hopeful. It is hoped that those members of the third class, lost to this year's team, will return to strengthen the squad next year. Losing only one of its members, the team should, under more favorable conditions than existed this year, make a better record.





BASKET-BALL TEAM



Basket-Ball Team

Captain—J. R. MECREDY

Manager—P. McA. BIEDLER

Assistant Manager—R. M. LONG

Coach—H. MITCHELL

LINE-UP

Right Forwards—EWING, D., MECREDY

Left Forwards—EWING, L., SHOTWELL

Right Guards—LEECH

Left Guards—MOORE, C.

Centers—MECREDY, McMENAMIN, P.

Substitutes—MOORE, L., HARDAWAY, PRENTISS, STROUD

THE BOMB



J. R. MECKEDY, Captain



P. McA. BIEDLER, Manager



H. MITCHELL, Coach

GYMNASIUM



THE BOMB

Gymnasium



INTERIOR athletics at V. M. I. have in late years developed to a large extent. Particularly true is this of basket-ball and gymnasium work. It is to be regretted that we have no facilities for indoor track work, but owing to the lack of time it has never been found advisable to foster this form of athletics.

One feature of our indoor work is the exhibit given by the gymnasium team during Final Week. To the credit of the men who are in this exhibit, it may be said that only the true love for the sport induces them to go out for the team. It requires long and continuous practice for a man to acquire the suppleness and gracefulness which a gymnast must possess.

Following is a short account of last year's exhibit: Mat work is generally first, as this gives each man something to do at the start, and everybody limbers up so to speak in this way, entry being made by a long dive, hand-spring or flys. The features of last year's mat work were the combinations of Johnson, F., and Mahone, and the triple roll and dive by Mahone, Smith, J., and McWhorter. Jackson's singles were exceedingly unique and brought forth much applause.

On the parallel bars Jackson's walking on his hands and reversing is a feat difficult of attainment. There were a number of other specialties in which Mahone, Johnson, F., and Rhett shared the honors. The triple exercises of McWhorter, Shotwell, and Thompson were undoubtedly the best ever seen in our gymnasium.

For some reason, probably because it is so hard to master the horse did not receive its full share of attention. It is the most difficult piece of apparatus to work upon and yet prettiest when the exercises are carried through with snap. Mahone and Jackson again shone, Mahone with his arm and leg exercises and Jackson with his hand stands.

Mahone's work on the rings was decidedly the best that has been seen here for some time, although Johnson, F. pushed him hard. Others who deserve mention are Darnell, Shotwell, Smith, J., McWhorter, and Millner.

The horizontal bar had more than its quota of exercises, as all gymnasts seem to work harder on this than on any other piece of apparatus. The bright star was Farrell, and it will be hard to find a man to fill his place this year. His fly-aways and snaps and all-round work were features well worth seeing. Millner, Rhett, Smith, J., Ely, Johnson, McWhorter, and Mahone, as well as others, showed excellent form on the bar also. McWhorter's giant swing was a feature, as was the double-back lever, Rhett and McWhorter.

THE BOMB

Following this were the pyramids by the entire team both on the mat and on the parallel bars. These are very interesting, and it is the intention this year to build more than has been the custom heretofore. This ended the exhibit, which was followed by a very delightful, informal dance, given by the Alumni.

In the fall of 1910 a mid-winter contest between picked teams was suggested in order to create more interest in the sport, but unfortunately the furlough granted before Thanksgiving prevented its consummation. Two cups were to have been awarded, one to the team scoring the greatest number of points and one to the best all-round gymnast. No doubt this would have been the means of arousing great interest and it is to be hoped that next year will see such a contest. Up to this time, we have had no contests with other schools for various reasons; if such contests could be arranged it would give the men a greater incentive to work also, and at the same time our athletic relations with other schools would be stimulated.

Here it might be well to say, too, that more adequate apparatus would add materially to the interest taken in this branch of sport, and it is to be hoped that the powers that be will make an installation such as will be beneficial to the teams that are to come. The team this year gives promise of equaling, if not excelling, those of former years, though handicapped by the loss of six weeks' winter practice. The graduation of Mahone, Johnson, F., and Rhett, and the loss of Farrell, will be seriously felt, as will the loss of Thompson, McMenamin and Darnell, owing to the dismissal of the third class. However, there is an abundance of new material and the old men back are working hard. Among the new men who are showing up particularly well are Moore, C., Royall, and Munger on the rings and horizontal bar, Johnson, A., and Ewing, L., on the mat, and McCreedy and Rentz on the horse and parallel bars.



GYMNASIUM TEAM



Gymnasium Team

Captain—K. McWHORTER

Manager—S. A. FENNO

Coach—CAPT. F. L. JOHNSON

MEMBERS

MILLNER

SMITH, J.

JACKSON, W.

SHOTWELL

— — — MOORE, C.

MUNGER

KUYKENDALL

MECREDY

ELY

KINSOLVING

JOHNSON, A.

NASH

EWING, L.

RENTZ

RANSON

McWHORTER



Wearers of Monograms

FOOTBALL

KARST, '14
OWEN, '12
DALTON, '12
BRISTER, '11

ENGLISH, '11
DASHIELL, '11
MECREDY, '11
WITT, '12

ROBINSON, '11, *Manager*

MOORE, '12
LEECH, '13
PATTERSON, '13
KINSOLVING, '11

BASEBALL

REED, '12
MOSELEY, '12
THROCKMORTON, '12
ROBERTSON, G, '10
MOORE, C., '12

HODGE, '10, *Manager*

BRAND, '13
BRYAN, '13
CHAPMAN, '12
BENTLEY, '10
OWEN, '12

BASKET-BALL

BIEDLER, '11, *Manager*
MECREDY, '11
MOORE, C, '12

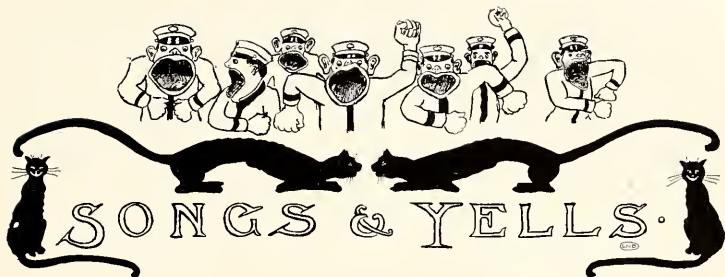
LEECH, '13
EWING, L., '12
EWING, D., '13

SHOTWELL, '12

GYMNASIUM

MAHONE, '10

JOHNSON, '10



SONGS

(TUNE: "Long-Meter Doxology")

Red, White, and Yellow floats on high;
The Institute shall never die.
So now, Cadets, with one voice cry:
God bless our team and V. M. I.

(TUNE: "Laid Away a Suit of Gray"
—Chorus)

Old V. M. I. is out to die or win where'er
she goes.
She'll forge her way at every play toward
the goal-post of her foes;
She'll show her grit and never quit till in
the dust she lies;
She'll show them all how to play football.
So "Hike it, V. M. I."

(TUNE: "Tammany"—Chorus)

V. M. I., V. M. I.,
Always in to win or die
You can beat them if you try
V. M. I., V. M. I.,
Hike it! hike it!
Hike it! hike it!
V. M. I.

YELLS

Rah, Rah, Rah! Vir-gin-i-a!
Military Institute! Rah, Rah, Rah!
Rah, Hoo, Ri! Rah, Hoo, Ri!
Ri! Ri! V. M. I.!

Oski-Wow-Wow! Skinny-Wow-Wow!
V. M. I.! V. M. I.! Wow!

Hullabaloo! Rah! Rah!
Hullabaloo! Rah! Rah!
Hoo-Rah! Hoo-Rah!
V. M. I.! Rah! Rah!

Rah! Rah! V. M. I.!
Rah! Rah! V. M. I.!
Rah! Rah! V. M. I.!
V. M. I.!

Hoo-oo-oo-Rah! Hoo-oo-oo-Rah!
Hoo-oo-oo-Rah!
V. M. I.! V. M. I.! V. M. I.!



Delinquencies, February 31, 1911

BARKSDALE	Causing disturbance in leaves on parapet while Officer of the Guard.
BIEDLER	Getting excess number of basket-ball coaches, thereby overtraining team.
BLACKMORE	Excess equipment in room, having sword and sash two weeks before final order, June, 1910.
BRISTER	Making taps inspetion without lantern, getting sufficient light therefor by taking off cap.
BROWN	Twenty-four hours late returning on furlough and reporting detained by debutantes in Lynchburg.
BUESCHER	Excess Mellin's Food bottles in wardrobe S. M. I.
BURLESON	Hiding behind ears O. D.'s N. I.
CAMP	Absent from Entraining Formation in Charleston, thereby causing excitement and overwork in City Police Department.
COLE	Endangering lives of the citizens of Lexington by confiscating the danger lanterns.
COLLIER	Overstaying time in vicinity of Library during Call-to-Quarters.
COLLINS	Rubbing paint off chair leg in Lyric Theater.
DASHIELL	Voting the Anti-Prohibition ticket.
DAVANT	Dust on brain shelves.
DAVISON	Not living up to standard set by initials.
DUFFY	Wearing leather armor through rathood days.
ELY	Beating about the "Brush" in section-room.

THE BOMB

ENGLISH	Borrowing all razors on second stoop for A. M. shave.
FAY	Wearing an innocent expression to S. E. I.
FENNO	Dancing in semi-horizontal position, thereby occupying too much Gymnasium space.
GEROW	Overloading mail-box; hundredth offense.
HAGAN	Long tail S. E. I.—Striking rear-rankman in face with same.
HIRST	"Prowling around" in vicinity of Col. Mallory's quarters, thereby endangering chevrons.
HUNDLEY	Attempting to eat more than Jackson at Staff Mess.
JACKSON	Late on Saturday night permit; repeated offense.
JOHNSON, A.	Wearing Blues to Reveille.
JOHNSON, F.	Attempting to go over parapet on snow-shoes after returning on Mid-winter furlough.
JONES	Tripping over hair, thereby falling and causing confusion in ranks.
KEITH	"Hooting" in guard-tree about 2 A. M.
KINSOLVING	Running game of "how to bluff."
LEE	Making scene of self on streets of Lexington by drinking out of fire-plug.
MCWHORTER	Carrying "squirt" gun to S. E. I.
MECREDY	Gossiping continually, thereby showing effeminate characteristics.
MILLNER	Imitating a cat-fight during Call-to-Quarters.
MOORE	Disturbing roommates by dreaming.
NALLE	Making social error by writing identical letter to three girls in the same town.

THE BOMB

PORTER	Attempting to carry all baggage in sight off train when returning on furlough.
POWELL, J.	Sticking fork in eye in mess hall, thereby damaging same.
POWELL, M.	Roughing "Dutch" in Civil section-room.
REMBERT	Fishing in pool in Jefferson Hotel, Thanksgiving night, thereby disturbing alligators.
RICHARDSON	Visiting during Release-from-Quarters, thereby placing office in jeopardy.
ROBINSON	Attempting to imitate noise of swine.
RUEHRMUND	Bustle in wardrobe S. M. I.
SMITH, H.	Assumption of authority while acting Adjutant, reducing "Fritz" to rank of Cadet.
SMITH, J.	Gross disorder by having Mandolin Club playing in room twenty minutes before Reveille.
SMITH, M.	Losing a most valuable possession below parapet.
TRINKLE	Sleeping for a week, thereby causing uncertainty as to his whereabouts.
WALKER	Bathing after Taps under mitigating circumstances.
WARNER	Using ungentlemanly language to janitor.
WHITE	Singing during Call-to-Quarters. Making love to moon after Taps.
WHITFIELD	Intimidating "rats" by forcing them to attend Y. M. C. A.
WILSON	"Riding the Gym" on wopsy; repeated offense.
ZOLLMAN	Discovering peculiar smells "way down under the house."

Song of the Civil Men

(TUNE: "Casey Jones")

Gather, all you Keydets, if you want to
hear

The story about a civil engineer.
Tommy Jones was that engineer's name,
And 'twas drawing bridges he won his fame.

Dulaney blew the bugle at seven fifty-five,
The section formed more dead than alive,
Faced to the left, but not a one smiled,
For they knew what it meant if Tommy
was riled.

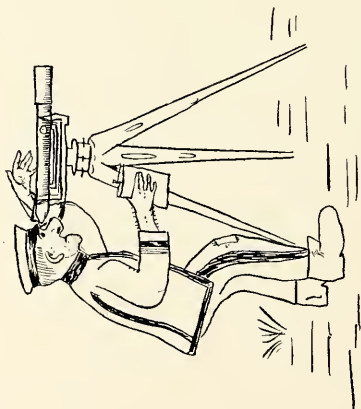
The civil boys marched to the room in line,
Loitered around until about 8:09;
Looked over the railing and then came
moans,
For the man on the stairs was Tommy
Jones

He looked at the section and the section
was slow,
Glanced at the marks and the marks were
low;
Turned to them and then he said,
"I'll take you to Finals, but you'll all be
dead."

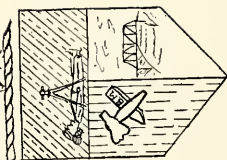
He wrote on the board at a fearful pace,
The section wild-eyed stared him in the
face.
Turned to the section, said, "Men, you'd
better hump,
Or your 'dip' and you is never gwine to
bump."

Old Tommy said, "Now before you die
There are two more trusses you've got to
try."
The section wondered what could they be,
But thanked their stars that it wasn't three.

Finals came and the Keydets were worried,
Tommy, as usual, was not a bit flurried.
He put us all through with a smile on his
face,
But, boys, he took us at a most fearful pace.



I found I saw! I beat it!





Civil Engineering Course

NO REST FOR THE WEARY

INSTRUCTORS

COLONEL JONES

MAJOR POAGUE

CAPTAIN SINCLAIR

CAPTAIN MAYO

CAPTAIN JOHNSON

FIRST CLASS

C. M. BRISTER

K. McWHORTER

M. F. BURLESON

F. L. MOORE

G. R. COLLINS

M. J. POWELL

F. L. DUFFY

M. E. RUEHRMUND

L. T. GEROW

J. SMITH

M. F. SMITH

SECOND CLASS

W. M. AMERINE

P. A. MERIAN

H. P. BOYKIN

D. G. MORRISSETT

A. H. CHRISTIAN

K. S. PURDIE

R. L. EASTHAM

C. C. RANDOLPH

J. HASTIE

R. K. SHOTWELL

S. L. HOWARD

A. M. SMITH

H. S. JACKSON

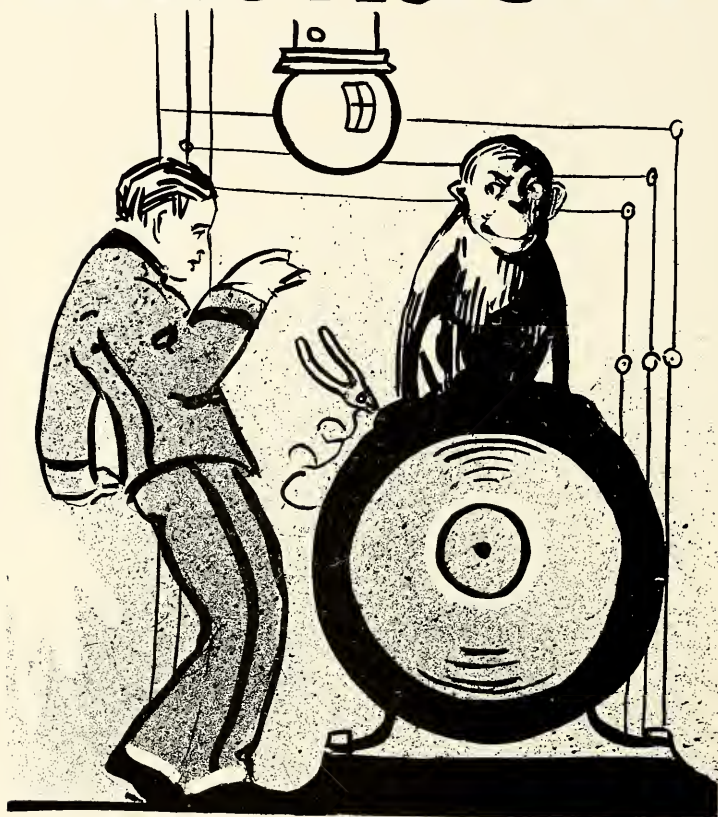
E. V. SMITH

A. F. KIBLER

H. TEMPLETON

F. C. WILSON

ELECTRICITY





Electrical Engineering Course

INSTRUCTORS

COLONEL MALLORY MAJOR POAGUE
CAPTAIN CARTER

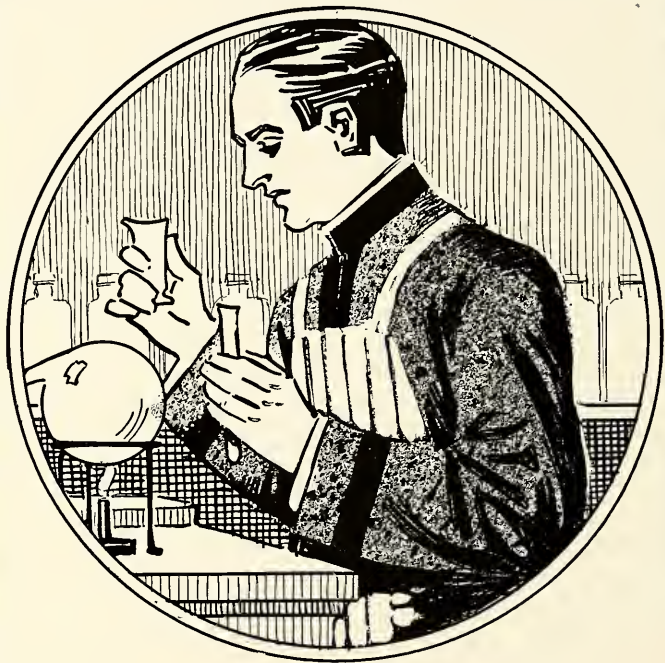
FIRST CLASS

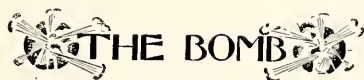
P. MCA. BIEDLER	J. W. JONES
P. G. BLACKMORE	A. A. KEITH
M. BROWN	H. F. LEE
A. G. BUESCHER	S. M. MILLNER
H. G. DASHIELL	A. NALLE
E. T. DAVANT	G. REMBERT
Y. MCA. DAVISON	W. S. ROBINSON
P. X. ENGLISH	H. W. SMITH
T. H. FAY	L. L. TRINKLE
S. A. FENNO	H. D. WALKER
J. M. HUNDLEY	R. H. WARNER
W. I. WHITFIELD	

SECOND CLASS

C. W. BLOMQUIST	R. M. LONG
A. D. BROWN	A. H. MALSBERGER
R. P. CARSON	C. G. MILLER
F. W. CARTER	C. E. MOORE
R. S. DODD	E. C. OUTTEN
D. DRENNEN	W. PARKER
M. GOODMAN	H. B. REARDON
F. A. GROVE	W. REED
H. W. HARRIS	G. A. SPEER
L. S. JULIAN	R. J. THROCKMORTON
P. L. KANE	W. C. WELSH
L. KEITH	T. F. WITT

CHEMISTRY





Chemistry Course

Motto: Make hay while the sun shines

INSTRUCTORS

COLONEL PENDLETON

COLONEL TUCKER

FIRST CLASS

A. D. BARKSDALE

V. CAMP

E. W. COLE

T. H. COLLIER

P. W. ELY

J. M. HAGAN

V. B. HIRST

W. C. JACKSON

A. B. JOHNSON

F. B. JOHNSTON

H. B. KINSOLVING

J. R. MECKEDY

J. S. PORTER

J. H. POWELL

E. E. RICHARDSON

I. G. WHITE

R. M. WILSON

C. W. ZOLLMAN

SECOND CLASS

F. V. BROWN

J. R. CHILDS

G. K. COCKETT

J. N. DALTON

W. H. EDWARDS

J. L. EWING F. A. SHUFELDT

J. STEVENSON

L. T. GAYLE

E. DUP. GELZER

W. R. KRAFT

W. H. MCCORMICK

A. A. OWEN

THE BOMB

Sir Moses Ezekiel



IR MOSES EZEKIEL, of Rome, Italy, is also a Virginian.

- A noted sculptor, he is a son of the Virginia Military Institute, of whom she is justly proud. Visitors to the Eternal City bring back accounts of him as the charming host and much-sought-after guest of cultivated Roman society. His studio occupies one of the Cyclopean halls of the Baths of Diocletian.

Art critics are equally warm in praise of his work. That work does not chill the average beholder as does much expressed in stone and bronze, but appeals with the force and vividness of

portraits in color.

Take, for instance, the presentment of the wife of Ambassador White, at Cornell University. Take, also, the bust of Liszt, who was, by the way, a close friend of the sculptor. "From the life" one's very first glance at it explains why the great pianist preferred this to any other model ever made of him. Upon his preference openly expressed many and various musical institutions have set the seal of their approval by their purchase of this representation of the wizard of tones.

Commissioned in 1874 by the Jewish Order, Sons of the Covenant, to produce a representation of "Religious Liberty" for the Centennial Exposition, he created the impressive group which stands in Fairmount Park. It is the largest group cut in modern times from a single block of marble and is significant of the legend which it bears: "True Liberty Destroys Intolerance."

Nearly four hundred years before, the D'Castros and D'Israels, from whom Ezekiel's maternal and paternal grandparents had sprung, left their native Spain because of the terrors of the inquisition during the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella.

No alien, but he who felt the pathos as well as shared the glory of that magnificent struggle, portrayed Ezekiel's "Confederate Soldier"—"Sketch," though he calls it.

Ezekiel was born on East Main Street, Richmond, Va., October 28, 1844. He was the son of Katherine de Castro and Jacob Ezekiel. A member of Co. "C" of the Cadet Battalion, and also of the Color Guard; he was of that band of heroes who helped to make New Market immortal—that wonderful time—the 15th of May, 1864, never to be forgotten.

Cadet Thomas Jefferson fell in the charge up Bushong Hill and was carried to the nearby house of Miss Anna Hupp. The next morning young

THE BOMB

Ezekiel accompanied him to Mr. Clinedinst's, that he might receive better attention. Ezekiel had promised faithfully to return a pillow and an old quilt used in removing Jefferson. To keep his promise he walked back two miles, barefooted, for he had lost his shoes in the battle on account of the wet, muddy ground. On his return, Mrs. Clinedinst gave him a pair of old ones, which he considered—as would have many a Confederate veteran—a precious gift, and for which he improvised strings by twisting calico strips together.

He then remained at the bedside of his comrade, nursing him with an affection and devotion equal to that of a woman until Cadet Jefferson died, when "Ezekiel's grief brought tears to the stoutest hearts."

A memento of that time Sir Moses brought when he last came to Lexington, and it now hangs in the Institute Library. After the battle, as the corps of cadets passed through Staunton, the young ladies of the town crowned the Virginia Military Institute colors with laurel. In Richmond a new stand was presented and Ezekiel carried the wreath of laurel upon his arm until he gave it into the keeping of his sister, who stood watching the cadets march past. These now historic leaves she treasured till her brother brought them back to his Alma Mater. His own fingers have burned into the gray background of their mounting this history of the tribute such as good women ever yield to brave men.

During the quarter of a century that he has dwelt in the "Eternal City" he has created many masterpieces, mostly ideal statues, relievos and busts; among the busts are those of Homer, David, Eve, Cardinal Hohenlohe, and one of Lord Sherbrooke for Westminster Abbey.

The famous Dutch author, Carl Vosmaer, has "strongly emphasized him as a rival hero in 'The Amazon';" and Gabrielle D' Annunzio has recently contributed "verses to his genius."

Three of his marbles are owned in Baltimore. At the capital of his own land, the Navy yard, possesses one heroic bronze, while the Corcoran niches, consisting of eleven of his colossal statues of the great artists, and the marble bust of Jefferson, all look down from above the Speaker's chair in the Senate Chamber.

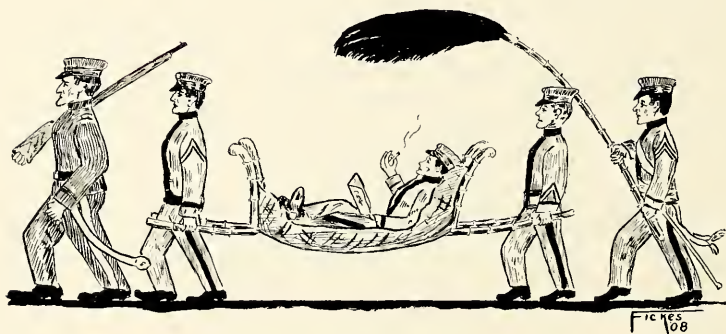
Ezekiel has received many distinctions and is a member of various academies and the recipient of many gold and silver medals. In 1877 the Cavalier's Cross of Merit was conferred on him by the Grand Duke of Saxe Meiningen, and later on he was knighted by the Emperor of Germany.

And now that this son of the Virginia Military Institute has "climbed up to his pedestal," he has given of his highest self to his Alma Mater. "Virginia Mourning Her Dead" needs no interpreter. Majestic in her woe, she but speaks through her pathos of those who, living or dead, are immortal, who to-day and for always are "her crown and her great glory."

P. McA. B.



TOURISTS



Motto: Fresh air for ours

COLOR: Brick Red

ZOLLMAN
REMBERT
HAGAN
KEITH, M.
WARNER, H.
ELY
LOTH, W.
DILLARD, A.
GUTIERREZ
WILTSHIRE
MERRY

NASH
GELZER
BROWN, F.
HUGHES
EASTHAM
HOWARD, R.
HAYNES
ROLLER
MEEM
JAMES
NASON



The Cadet



THE policies and ideals of *The Cadet* have remained the same since its founding in October, 1907, but its editors have endeavored to broaden, in certain measure, its scope. It was founded primarily as an instrument by which the alumni might keep in touch with their Alma Mater; secondarily, as a source of revenue for the Athletic Association. No great effort was made to render it interesting to the cadets in barracks. This year, however, efforts have been made to arouse more interest in *The Cadet* among the corps. Articles of interest to the corps written by alumni have helped much in this connection. A column devoted to events of interest in the outside world has also proven itself to be of interest to the cadets. Besides these, the columns devoted to "Local Darts of Wit and Near Wit" and Exchanges have been of considerable interest to the corps.

In making an effort to do more for the cadets, the alumni were not at all slighted. A special attempt was made to increase the list of alumni subscribers. Sample copies with enclosed invitations to become subscribers were sent to all alumni whose names and addresses could be found, and as a result the alumni subscription list is larger than ever before. Athletic news, such as accounts of games, prospects, etc., is probably the most interesting part of the paper to the alumni, but the numerous alumni notes have been of great interest.

Following a suggestion made by the founder of *The Cadet*, who has always been its staunchest supporter, three special issues of *The Cadet* have been gotten out near the close of the First Term. Each course, Chemistry, Civil Engineering, and Electricity, had an issue devoted to it. In these special issues it was attempted to outline in brief each course, its history and its aims. Besides this, there was a partial list of the alumni from each course, their whereabouts and their occupations. Grinds on men in each course appeared in their respective issues. These issues served not only to arouse a good deal of interest among the subscribers, but they proved of great benefit to the second classmen in choosing their courses.



THE CADET STAFF



The Cadet Staff

VAUGHAN CAMP.....	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>
W. H. EDWARDS.....	<i>Assistant Editor-in-Chief</i>
P. MCA. BIEDLER.....	<i>Business Manager</i>
K. S. PURDIE.....	<i>Assistant Business Manager</i>

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E. T. DAVANT	W. S. ROBINSON

ASSISTANT ASSOCIATE EDITORS

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J. L. EWING	C. C. RANDOLPH
A. H. MALSBERGER	A. M. SMITH



Y. M. C. A.

OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	W. I. WHITEFIELD
<i>Vice-President</i>	A. M. MALSBERGER
<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>	J. K. ANDERSON



HE work of this character confronts the same great disadvantage as athletics, and that is want of time. Our life here is filled with military and academic duties, leaving small time for anything else. The Y. M. C. A., however, has always had a telling influence for good among the members of the corps; although its work may not be quite as extensive or elaborate as at other colleges or universities.

Two weekly meetings are held; one, a Bible Class, taught by Colonel Kerlin, the other, the regular Sunday-night meeting. The Bible Class has proved both entertaining and instructive to those who have availed themselves of this opportunity to study the Bible under so competent a teacher. It is to be regretted that a greater number have not attended, as the time devoted would be most profitably spent.

The Association was represented at the College Convention, held in Richmond November 4-6, 1910, by four members, all of whom gained both instruction and entertainment from the able addresses of the noted speakers of the convention.

Plans have been launched to secure a paid secretary who will devote his entire time and energy to the association work at this school. This is an excellent idea and it is hoped of all connected with the Institute that such a man will be secured, as it is readily evident that his services are needed.



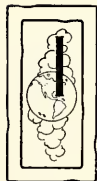
The Literary Societies

Kerlin Literary Society

V. CAMP.....	President
J. N. DALTON.....	Vice-President
W. B. BOWLES.....	Secretary and Treasurer

Jacksonian Literary Society

W. C. JACKSON.....	President
J. L. EWING.....	Vice-President
C. SATTERFIELD.....	Secretary and Treasurer



It has, heretofore, been the custom to have one literary society, the Cadet Dialectic Society, but this year, through the efforts of Colonel Kerlin, two were organized. Colonel Kerlin, in a talk to the corps, pointed out the benefits derived from literary societies; told of his plans for two societies, then asked for the names of those who wished to become members. Eighty men gave in their names, and were divided into two societies. The societies were named, one in honor of Colonel Kerlin to show the cadet's appreciation of his work and of the interest he had taken in them; the other in honor of Stonewall Jackson.

For a while it seemed that the societies would grow and prosper. But V. M. I. is no place for a literary society. The conditions are too unfavorable. And, in spite of the efforts of Colonel Kerlin and of some of the cadets, the attendance fell off until it became impossible to hold further meetings. While this condition is deplorable, it is nothing more than could be expected. The fault lies entirely with the cadets, however. Colonel Kerlin did everything in his power to make the venture a success, and the cadets appreciate to the fullest extent his efforts. We sincerely hope that conditions will change in the future and the literary societies will be a success, for the benefits derived from them are very valuable in after-life.



THE MANDOLIN CLUB

THE BOMB

Mandolin Club

MANDOLINS

DRENNEN
MALSBERGER
WELSH

ENGLISH
SMITH, J.
JOHNSON, A.

DODD

GUITARS

DAVANT

VIOLIN

EWING

THE BOMB



DR. BELL AND THE VESTRY



THE Episcopal Church Club of the Virginia Military Institute is an organization for the promotion of Christian fellowship and the development of Christian character and knowledge among the cadets. It seeks to bring the men together for worship at stated intervals; it insists upon the importance of regular attendance upon the monthly Communion service; it aims to maintain among the men the consciousness of membership in the Christian Church. The Church is, indeed, the oldest and greatest of fraternal organizations. It has drawn its members from all the races of men for the last two thousand years; it has its congregations all over the world. And the Church Club is for the purpose of helping us to realize some of the possibilities of this universal brotherhood during our years at the Institute.

Every Episcopal Cadet is considered a member of the Club unless he signifies his desire to have his name dropped from the rolls.

The Club meets on some evening during the last week of each month, or upon call of the Rector or the President of the Vestry. The Vestry meets upon call of the Rector.



The V. M. J. Episcopal Church Club

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President, L. T. GEROW

Secretary, J. N. DALTON

Treasurer, C. F. MANSFIELD

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THE HARD BOYS

The Hard Boys' Association

Founded A. D. 1911

MEMBERSHIP: Strictly limited

SONG

Born in a canyon unknown,
 Raised by a grizzly bear;
 Kept his teeth sharp on a stone,
 And king of the hard boys there.

OFFICERS

PRESIDENT *Deceased*
 SECRETARY AND TREASURER *Died Later*

MEMBERS

NALLE *Official Totem Pole*
 REMBERT *Raiser of the Jack Pots*
 JACKSON *Consulting Raiser of the Jack Pots*
 WALKER *High-holder of the Bones*
 DASHIELL }
 ROBINSON, W. } *The Three Coliclers*
 KINSOLVING }
 BROWN, M. *Punctuation Mark*

Chaperon—COACH MITCHELL

THE BOMB



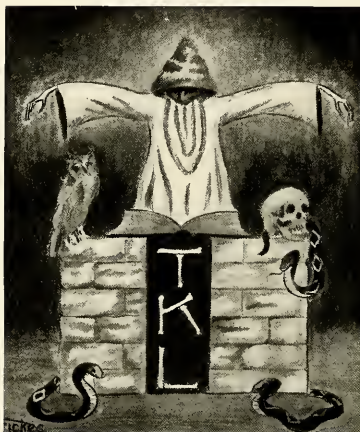
COUNTRY CLUB

BATTLE SONG: Punkins and corn,
Punkins and corn,
It's lots of fun milking
On a frosty morn.

"BRUSH" ELY.....*Sheriff of Lee County*
 "LEATHER" DUFFY.....*"After Taking"*
 "SHYLOCK" ZOLLMAN.....*Member of East Lexington Geodetic Survey*
 "WELLIE" HIRST.....*Pedigreed Sleuth Hound and Chaser*
 "TOM" COLLIER.....*The Royal Dromedary*
 "IKEY" WHITE.....*The Choir*

Sponsor—"HIRAM" SMITH

THE BOMB



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 JOHNSON, A. *Chief Warden of the Sacred Corkscrew*
 ROBINSON *Official Smile of Joy*

MINT

KEITH, M.
 WHITE, I.

COLLIER

PORTER
 REMBERT

BUBBLES

HIRST
 SMITH, H.
 COLE
 JONES
 LONG

NASH
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ADAMS, A.
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DREGS

HAGAN



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MISS COUPER
GENTRY, '08
BRITTON, '09

FICKES, '08
MERRY, '14
CHAMBERS, '08

ALLEN, '13
BURTON, '13
BROOKS, '14



FINAL GERMAN 1911

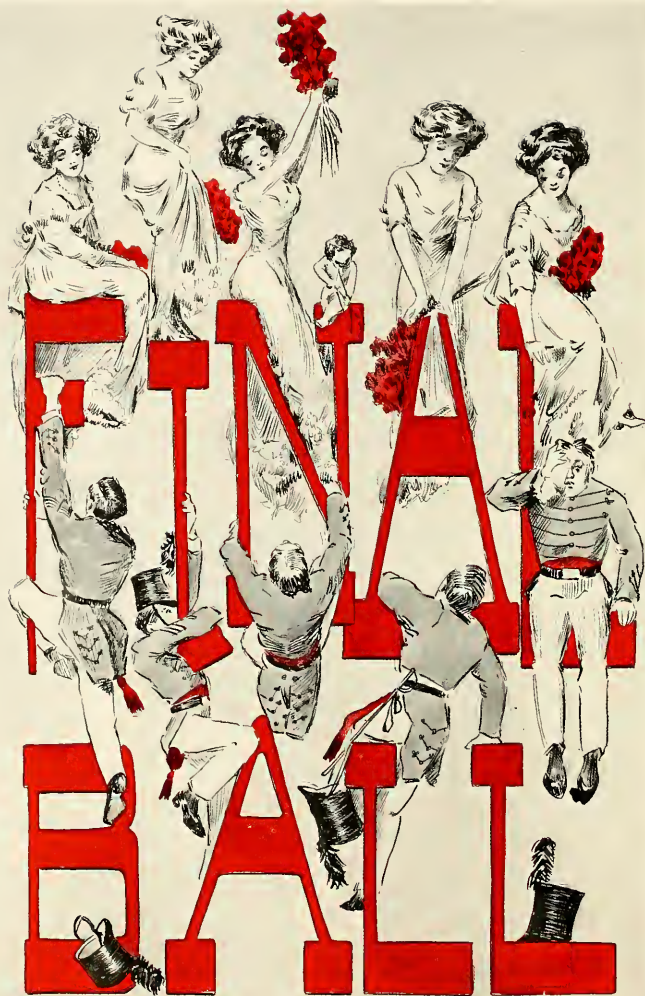
Marshals Final German

OFFICERS

H. B. KINSOLVING, JR.Leader
P. X. ENGLISH.....	Assistant Leader

MARSHALS

BARKSDALE, A. D.	ENGLISH, P. X.
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BLACKMORE, P. G.	FENNO, S. A.
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NALLE, A.	TRINKLE, L. L.
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RUMBERT, G.	WHITFIELD, W. I.
WILSON, R. M.	





Final Ball

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C. E. MOORE.....*Vice-President*

MARSHALS

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A. D. BROWN	P. L. KANE
F. V. BROWN	W. R. KRAFT
L. R. BRYAN	L. KEITH
R. P. CARSON	R. M. LONG
F. W. CARTER	P. A. MERIAN
A. H. CHRISTIAN	C. G. MILLER
G. K. CROCKETT	W. H. MCCORMICK
R. S. DODD	L. N. NASH
D. DRENNEN	A. A. OWEN
R. L. EASTHAM	E. C. OUTTEN
W. H. EDWARDS	W. PARKER
J. D. EWING	K. S. PURDIE
J. L. EWING	A. M. SMITH
L. T. GAYLE	G. A. SPEER
H. W. HARRIS	R. J. THROCKMORTON
C. C. HASTIE	W. C. WELSH
S. L. HOWARD	F. C. WILSON
H. S. JACKSON	R. A. WEST

THE BOMB

The adjutant's voice rang out sharply:

HEADQUARTERS, CORPS OF CADETS,
V. M. I., LEXINGTON, VA.
June steenth, 1911.

Order }
4-11-44 }

Cadet X——, for having oil stove concealed in laundry-bag, will perform ten penalty tours and be confined to barracks until final dismissal of the corps.

By order of Col. Gleaves.

(Signed) H. B. KINSOLVING, JR.
Cadet Adjutant.

Official
H. B. Kinsolving, Jr.
Cadet Adjutant.

The sun was slowly sinking behind the horizon; the thermometer registered 98°. The "tourists," under the watchful eye of the Officer of the Day, silently paced off their two hours of misery. Scattered over the parade ground—for it was final week—the cadets, in white ducks and grey blouses, strolled with visiting "calic," those fairest of the South.

At the sutlers' store, a mongrel crowd of restive rats ungallantly held their own around the ice-cream counter, to the intense amusement of several giddy seminary girls looking on.

Squatting under the trees, first classmen with "calic" ate harlequin cream off wooden plates with tin spoons, a novel experience for the ladies. The sutler, wearing a broad Dutch-Hebrew smile, watched the cash drawer fill to overflowing, but outwardly complained that "bizness vas dull, bum!" on this sultry afternoon.

Cadet X—— was soliloquizing. "Life is just one damn tour after another," he mused. "Now, if I were a lawyer, I could get out of this. I'd introduce *habeas corpus* proceedings. Fuzzy didn't find an oil stove. That stove burns alcohol—and Old Rat himself says alcohol ain't an oil, but an ether. But a poor damned soldier!" It was evident Cadet X—— was temporarily disgusted with military life. He forgot completely the joy he felt when the girls gurgled over his brass buttons. And the pride he had felt when his sister had told 'em *home*—what a happy word—"Yes, he's a V. M. I. man!" to her friends.

THE BOMB

God bless that phrase: you first classmen, who are just taking up the cudgel for the strife of life, you "rats" who have just lost your "tails," you do not yet know the pride with which you will hold those words, nor the joy and glory of being pointed out "a V. M. I. man," when you turn your back on dear old Lexington. Ah, you'll love it, your Alma Mater, with all its hardships. Up here, in the third-floor room of a New York boarding-house, I love it! Before me, on the wall, is a little framed pamphlet. It contains the tribute of General J. Franklin Bell, a West Pointer, to dear old V. M. I.:

"We have a way in the army of arriving at a classification of young officers by discussing their education and training. Of course, we look for a West Point graduate, but when it comes to picking out one from the other—West Point or Virginia Military Institute—it makes no difference."

But Cadet X——, as he shifted the Krag rifle from one shoulder to the other, forgot. For the mercury had risen a degree. And the O. D. was still by George Washington, he who so many times has been painted in class colors—pink and white, or gold and yellow.

Cadet X—— sighed. And then it happened. Jumping Texas horses, and suffering cats! It was a vision! She would sure be the queen of the Final Ball! And Cadet X—— watched her as she came toward barracks. Beside her, impudent devil, languidly strolled a first classman, outwardly blasé, inwardly afire, and Cadet X—— looked. Surely, no, she couldn't be she! The recognition was mutual. She was his roommate's sister; he knew her from the kodak picture, and likewise, she him.

As they passed, she gave him a sympathetic smile. *She* knew what a penalty tour was. And there was not a "tourist" walking who would not have paced a half hour at the breaking of dawn for that self-same smile. The first classman grinned and nodded to the O. D. as they continued down the walk toward the sutler's, clanking his sword as he walked—for fear some cadet smoking a cigarette should not hear his approach—he passed in through the arch to confer with the "Corp'ral ov the gu-a-a-r-r-d!"

At the sutler's the first classman bought, and she, too, ate from a little wooden plate with a tin spoon. And Cadet X—— paced his post. Subconsciously the "vision" opened her mesh bag. On the top of several crisp new bills was perched a new dime, in the light of the sun not yet disappeared. Half boldly, half embarrassed, she rose and walked to the sutler's counter. The "rats" fell back. And when she came away she carried with her a little wooden plate and a tin spoon. The first classman laughed, and with that laugh his chances committed suicide.

THE BOMB

Have you ever watched a child feed sugar to a horse? Just so gingerly did the "vision" approach her brother's roommate, while the "tourists" gazed. Suddenly, for all the world like a child, she darted forward and shoved out the wooden plate. And believe me, for I was one who "gazed" as I toured, it was not forward.

Cadet X—— gasped, smiled, and picked the harlequin block from the plate as though it were a ham sandwich. Laughing, she ran back. Cadet X—— took one bite; it was a bite of the vanilla, and there was the clank of a sword. There was not time to sling it over the parapet, nor did Cadet X—— have the inclination. There are no pockets in a uniform; he dared not drop it on his post nor his neighbor's. So doffing his cap, he sought the cadet's haven. With a flap the cream disappeared—and his hat was back on his head. And the O. D. saw it not, nor did George, "The Father of His Country," tell.

The thermometer registered 100°. The cream froze the front top of his head, and a toss sent it back to freeze the rear top. And Old Sol began to get in his deadly work. The perspiration began trickling down Cadet X——'s face.

The O. D. gave a gasp of horror. My God, X——, are you cut? Your head is bleeding! Get the surgeon! Quick, call the Gim! Look at that blood!" But it was just "strawberry." Around on the other temple the pistachio was coursing a similar vein, but the O. D.—innocent dear—he didn't know. With a single snatch of his hand the cap came off, and the melted cream dripped to the ground. The drippings were very pretty—there were green, red, orange and chocolate drippings! And Cadet X——'s head!

"Report to your room under arrest!" the O. D. shouted, and as he passed through the arch he saw the "Gim" puffing up the hill.

The stars were out overhead, and the lights burned brilliantly in the "gym." As Cadet X—— polished his breast-plate, the soft strains of "The Merry Widow" told him that the Final Ball was on. But then, Cadet X—— is to marry the vision some day.

R. E. P., Ex-'09



COL GLEAVES READING FINAL ORDER



LAST FORMATION



SIR MOSES EZERIEL & GEN NICHOLS



DISMISSED

THE BOMB

Final Week



YOU are floating on a violet sea; gently the waves lift you and bear you on. Your senses are numbed in a delicious deadness. You are rising into perfumed clouds, and the air is full of music. You rise swifter and swifter; you are drifting through fairyland and are surrounded by nymphs and mermaids. A little elf is blowing a silver trumpet in your ear and the sound seems to make you fly faster and faster. On you go. The air becomes colder; the clouds are grey instead of violet; the perfume is gone and in place of the gentle music, the air is full of horrible noises. Huge monsters surround you and the silver tinkle of the elf sounds in the distance like a terrible calliope. Fear fills your heart and you try to cry out. You are falling. The wind rushes past. You clutch wildly and your lungs pant for air. You are falling faster and faster and your ears are deafened by the screeching of the calliope. You see the earth below you and make one more frantic effort to scream. Downward you rush———*crash!!*

For a moment you are surprised to be yet living and mechanically remove your roommate's shoe from the bridge of your nose. You look at it questioningly for a moment and then suddenly a great light breaks over you. Up you spring in the bed, wild eyed and staring. "What is it? Reveille!" you gasp.

"Naw," comes the sarcastic answer. "The twenty-third Psalm."

Wildly you clutch a sock and try to put it over your head—toot te tootle toot te toot—goes assembly, and a word forms on your lips; but suddenly a smile replaces it and contentedly you pull the covers around your chin. What care you? Is it not Final Week?

It is Final Week, with all its troubles and pleasures, its joys and sorrows. It comes but once a year and has Christmas beat three ways. Santa Claus doesn't come to see you; but a doll-faced bit of femininity, clothed in varicolored sunshades and ruffles, does. The grass is its greenest; the rats are less green; the moon never looks as it does when seen by the two under the guard tree during Final Week. Old Lexington shakes itself and rouses for one grand week before going to sleep for the summer. Nearly all the cadets have friends, who come up for the exercises, and calic are so thick you find hair ribbons in the coffee in the mess hall. All day long, before ad-

THE BOMB

ming mothers and sisters and brothers and others, you proudly drill from one end of the parade ground to the other and majestically ignore the little stinging, itching streamlet, dripping from your eyebrow onto your breastplate. Is not she looking? Dulaney swells with pride and other things and you strut as you have never strutted before. One drill follows another and parades come in between. The corps never look prettier than at that time and the men in ranks know it and drill as never before.

The days are hard, but the nights amply repay them. Few cadets die of oversleeping during finals. Every night there is a hop or some other entertainment. Clothed in glory, silk hose and perspiration, you and your nose shine as never before. Those who do not gyrate at the hops, corkscrew in their rooms and the sound of breaking glass during the night is equalled only by the number of dead soldiers on the grass next morning.

All these end, however, and Final Week generally does likewise. On Wednesday after guard mount, the guns are turned in; the trunks are brought up and packed, and the men wait with various feelings for the first call for that last formation. For the rat, it means the ending of a year fraught with many hardships and few joys. For the third class, it means the beginning of their real life work; for in the next year they select their profession and school work then becomes practically as will be their duties in after life. The second classman looks forward to life as a first classman and the culmination of his career at V. M. I. To the first classman, it means many things: he is to be separated, perhaps forever, from teachers, friends, and a school grown dear to him through four years' association. He is leaving school to make his way among his fellows and he is dazed by the fact. He is like one stepping into the dark: he knows not what lies before him.

The bugle sounds and the men take their places in ranks. There is a few minutes' wait, while the first classmen tell their friends in their companies good-bye, and then the captains give their last commands, "Twos Right, March! Full Step, March!" The men take seats in the Jackson Hall and the final exercises are held. When these are over and "Auld Lang Syne" has been played, the year's work is completed. There remains the Final ball and then the next morning from the car window you watch the old barracks fade away into the haze of the mountains, as it has done for years and years and will be doing when your own boy watches from the car.



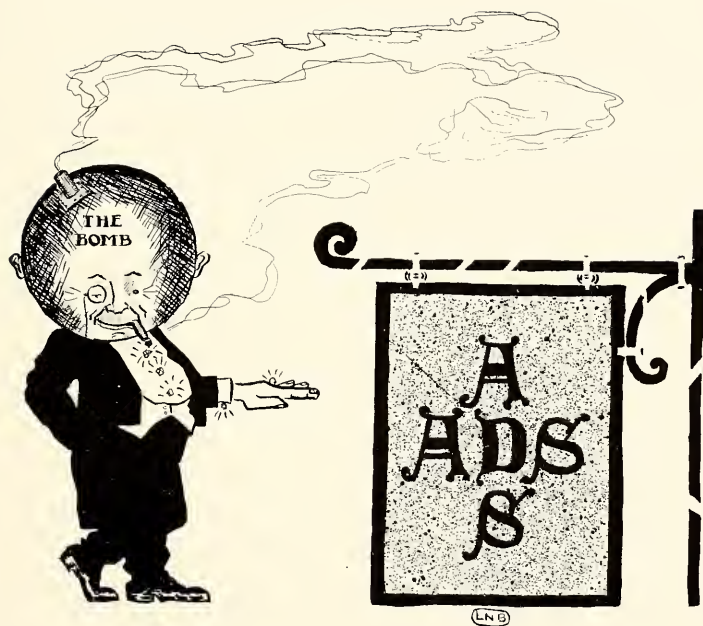
Acknowledgements

THE BOMB Staff desire to express their appreciation and sincere thanks to the following persons: Col. R. T. Kerlin, of the Faculty, and Mr. L. N. Britton, of Vicksburg, Miss., for poems; Maj. R. B. Poague, of the Faculty, Mr. R. E. Parrish, of Baltimore, Md., Mr. T. S. Pattison, of Cincinnati, Ohio, Cadet J. R. Mecredy, Cadet K. McWhorter, and Cadet W. C. Jackson, for articles.

THE END



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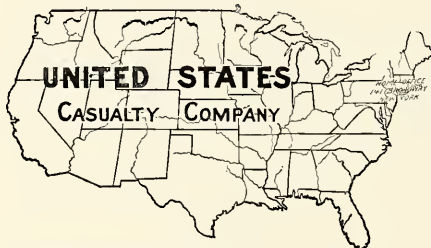
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Insurance Agent

LEXINGTON

VIRGINIA

THE



141 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Edson S. Lott".

President.

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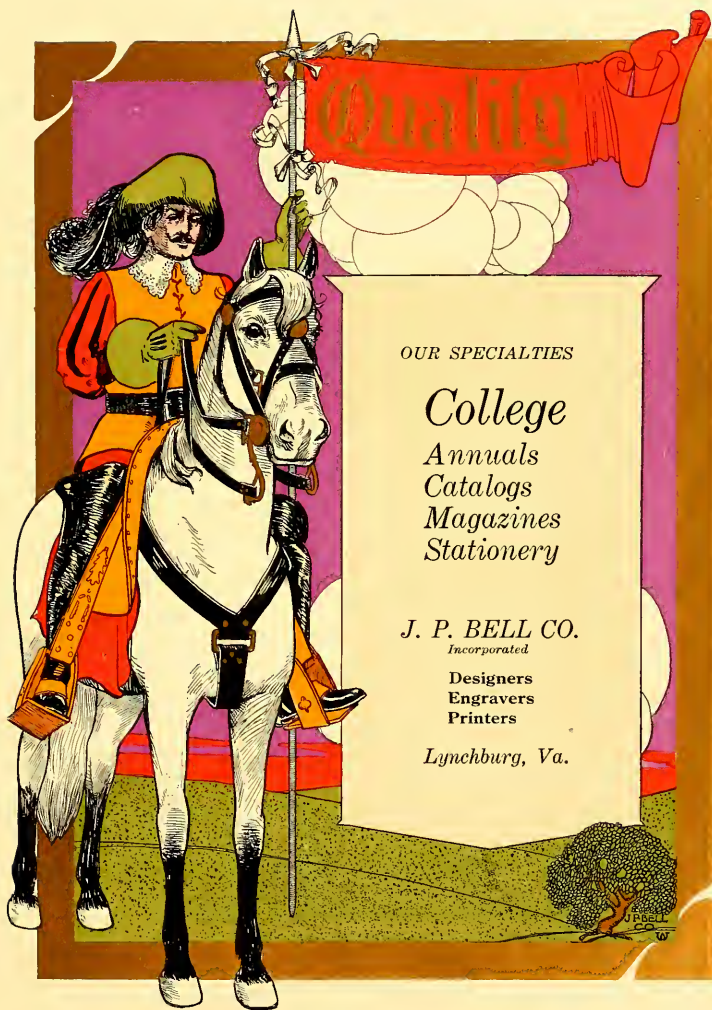
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